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THE PIONEER.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See next Page.]

THE PIONEER.

AMERICA'S "peculiar and appropriate sons," not, however, absolutely unknown, as SCOTT boasted England's yeomen were, to all other lands, are the Pioneers. They are the true and natural children of the Pilgrims, and pioneer and pilgrim have grown to be, in fact and meaning, almost synonymous. The love of religious freedom impelled the Pilgrims to settle the bleak coasts of New England; the love of personal liberty leads the pioneer to penetrate the dismal forest or embark, as it were, on the boundless prairies of the West. The one has settled New England, the other is settling America; and the same principles which were sown by the Pilgrim are being scattered broadcast throughout the continent by the pioneers.

The popular idea of the pioneer is expressed in our beautiful illustration on the preceding page. Here the settler in the Far West is resting momentarily from his work in felling the sturdy forest trees to make room for the delicate wheat-stem or corn-stalk, and quaffs, not a "cup of sack," but wholesome and pure water from the neighboring spring, smiling his thanks on the boy who has been his cup-bearer. In the distance is the hut—settlers' huts are always temporary-looking affairs, as if the occupants meant to be up and further away the moment the coming of another family gave the neighborhood the unwelcome appearance of being "too thickly settled"—and near by the wife is engaged in washing. But the woodsman is not, as is popularly conceived, the only pioneer in America; the race is to be found in every branch of business and in every profession. Astors on a small scale preceded our soldiers in the occupation of Alaska, and the American fur trade has already been commenced there. Politicians are already prospecting in St. Thomas; pioneer engineers have toiled up the Sierra Nevada, and leaped across the prairies of Nebraska and Colorado to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. There is progress every where, and the van-guard—the pioneers of civilization—are actuated and inspired by the principles which have made America free and glorious.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAVEL.

THE daily frightful massacres of travelers, and the incessant accidents, make it a very serious thing for any one to leave home even upon the shortest journeys. And except for monotonous experience it would be amazing that nothing is done about it. But every body shudders and secretly hopes that he shall escape, and cherishes a vain superstition that so many horrible things have happened, the chance is that they have come to an end, and that he may, as it were, run between the drops! But it is useless. Frost will touch and snap iron next week as it did last, and when the car goes over the stove will go with it, and fire will still burn, and horrors be piled upon horrors.

The Yankee genius is paralyzed the moment it copes with the comfort and safety of travel. For more than twenty years we all submitted to the old cars, with a roof just above your head, forcing the foul air into your lungs, and there we patiently sat placidly breathing typhus and death. Somebody then said, "Lift the roof and punch holes at the side," and for the first time there were tolerably ventilated cars. But you will still be sure to find somebody in the car who insists upon having all the holes at the top closed, and who glowers at you as if you were not a sensible man if you insist that they shall *not* be closed. Jump into a full car that has just stopped at a way-station, and reflect that there are people who have been inhaling *that* air for more than an hour, and who persist in inhaling it for six hours! Of course they will do nothing to prevent railroad murders. Why should they? They are doing what they can to multiply them.

Then there is the stove in the car. The very words are fearful after the late sickening event at Angola. We state the fact plainly here that every railroad traveler and manager may fully understand it. The car was thrown from the bridge sixty feet down into the ravine, and there stood on end. All the passengers were hurled to the lower end, and piled upon the red-hot stove, and the stove at the other end of course fell upon them. Every car full of passengers that leaves the city of New York at this season, at every hour of the day, is liable to precisely the same fate. Why, then, do not the regular daily commuters upon all the roads from New York demand that the experiment shall be tried of heating the cars by steam or hot water? One plain peril would at least be removed.

Among the worst accidents upon record are the burning of the sisters in Ohio a few weeks ago, and the destruction at Angola. Fire was the fearful fact of both disasters. If the use of steam or water pipes should make the cars a little cooler than at present, so much the better. If the system will not answer, the agitation and constant experiment will soon develop something that will. To prevent the constant draught of cold air about the feet and legs, there can be double doors at each end of every car.

Let railroad companies offer large and tempting premiums for remedial inventions of every kind. And let all travelers take care that every accident known to them is made known to the public. At present we hear of but very few of the many accidents by rail. If the result is loss of life, or if there chance to be some "newspaper man" upon the train—the newspaper man who writes and not who sells—some account appears. But many a private traveler has knowledge of many a mere escape and mishap which, if published, would compel the public to demand some action upon the subject.

There are railroads in Europe upon which there have never occurred any serious accidents. Upon the great Russian Government road from St. Petersburg to Moscow the speed is limited to twenty miles an hour. We have no wish that Government should manage our roads. But the fact seems to be in process of demonstration that private companies are unequal to their management with proper regard to the safety of travelers. Nor will any body who has had experience prefer the system of the American to that of the German roads. It is our business in this country to do every thing better than in other countries. Danger and dirt and inconvenience are not democratic, except in a base and unjust sense of the word; and until the details of life can be as carefully adjusted here as elsewhere, our claim to the highest civilization will be unfounded.

THE GREAT WORK AT THE SOUTH.

WHILE the papers that call themselves Conservative are striving by the most elaborate misrepresentation of the freedmen, and by the meanest appeal to prejudice, to perplex and postpone the reorganization of the Union, it is useful to see occasionally what the freedmen are really doing. If any colored man says a foolish thing any where we are instantly warned by "Conservatives" of the impending repetition of "the horrors of St. Domingo." But the same persons are very careful never to publish any of the significant facts of the rapid advances made by the freedmen in every good direction. Meanwhile we have yet to see recorded as falling from the lips of any freedman sentiments so atrocious as were constantly dropping from those of the political leaders of the South in the old times, or from those of Northern "Conservatives" at present.

General SWAYNE, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Alabama, says in his recent report of operations in his Department, that the school-year among the freedmen opened with 68 teachers and 3100 pupils, and closes with 150 teachers instructing 9800 pupils. The General says, quietly: "No difference in natural capacity or interest is observed between these pupils and those of any schools known to the writer in this country." He adds that the remarkable interest of the freedmen in education is apparently widening. They make great efforts to support their children while in school, and the parents lay aside primers every where to be studied by themselves during the intervals of labor. The freedmen also interest themselves in the erection of school-houses, of which many have been built with some aid from the Bureau, and the blind hostility against them which was at first apparent has almost wholly disappeared. The Mobile School Board have expressed a wish to co-operate in extending their schools among the colored people; and the Commissioner sees evidence of preparation for a comprehensive system of State free schools.

The result of the system of voluntary co-operation is that the average cost of these schools to the Government has been but 61½ cents per month for each scholar in actual daily attendance, and the entire expenditure for school purposes has been $45,237; and the increased ability of the parents enables them to pay the salaries of the teachers.

In regard to the Reconstruction Bills General SWAYNE says that "a general amendment in the treatment of the freedmen" followed their passage. "The sense of coming power brought immediate respect." The freedmen themselves promptly took new heart at the improvement in their prospects. Laboring with as much industry as ever, they seem to study with more zeal, to have new confidence in trying to improve. Already they have been admitted to the jury-box, and some of them are employed in the lower branches of the public service, so that they have little need to fear injustice in the future."

The incessant cry, "Down with the nigger!" is hardly likely to result in a more truly "Conservative" policy than is indicated in this report. What is wanted in the Southern States, in which general suffrage has been established as the essential safeguard of civil freedom, is hearty co-operation in the elevation of the whole population, white and colored, by a comprehensive system of education. It is in this most vital work that the American Freedman's Commission in the city of New York is so strenuous and successful a power; and as it feels the general depression, and its influence may be consequently seriously lessened, no gift can be more truly given to the Lord and to the country than money sent to them, to the order of FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW, 30 Vesey Street.

THE SEQUEL OF THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

THE bill to organize the Territory called Nebraska, introduced into the Senate in December, 1853, by Mr. DODGE of Iowa, was similar to the act which came near passing at the previous session, and embraced the district of country extending from the 37th parallel of north latitude to the British possessions at latitude 49°. It was to this vast Territory, treated as *one* in the bill, that Mr. DIXON'S amendment repealing the Missouri Compromise line of 36° 30′ applied. The district is unsuited to slavery, and it can not therefore be supposed that the repeal was seriously intended. On the contrary, the inference drawn by us in a late article is more reasonable, that it was offered to embarrass Mr. DOUGLAS, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, in his Presidential aspirations.

Mr. JONES, then Senator from Tennessee, who was, as we have shown, the real author of the clause of repeal, and Mr. DIXON, were both Whigs, and opposed to Mr. DOUGLAS'S elevation to the Presidency. Mr. DIXON was doubtless elected for the mischievous service of offering the amendment, as his successor to the Senate had been appointed by Kentucky, and he had but little to lose by throwing this firebrand into the camp of the then dominant party. The amendment, however, instantly excited the utmost attention not only among Southern members, who felt that they might be placed in a false position at home if they voted against repeal, but also among Presidential aspirants from the North who looked to Southern support. The emergency, for such it had become, was immediately considered in the Committee on Territories in many of its important aspects; and in a few days—through what outside pressure and canvassing with a view to new combinations may readily be inferred—the two and now more congruous measures—the repeal of the Missouri line and the organization of Kansas as a new Territory (formed out of Nebraska from the 37th to the 40th parallels of latitude) were reported to the Senate. Kansas was then for the first time heard of by the country, and after various modifications the two measures were passed into a law.

The motive for dividing the Territory in a manner available for such repeal—placing Nebraska behind Iowa, and Minnesota and Kansas immediately west of Missouri, a slave State—can not be misconceived. Slaves were immediately taken into Kansas and held as such during her territorial existence; but it was not until the attempt in the session of 1857–58 to make Kansas a State under the Lecompton Constitution, after Mr. BUCHANAN had become firmly seated in the Presidency, that the effort to establish slavery there as a permanent policy was seriously undertaken. Those who claim that the repeal of the compromise was intended or accepted as a mere compliment to the section which affected to regard it as a stigma, and was passed with no view to the establishment of equality as far as possible in the Senate, know little of the persistent efforts to accomplish this object, or, in case of failure, some other equally potent, which the master minds of the South diligently kept in view. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, with powerful colleagues, was in the Cabinet of General PIERCE when repeal was carried, and men of similar purpose were in that of Mr. BUCHANAN when its fruits were sought to be gathered.

Mr. DOUGLAS, in the discussion in 1854, which followed the introduction of his bill—in which he displayed power as a debater far beyond what he was supposed to possess—said that Kansas could be only temporarily a slave State, an admission quite as full as could be expected from a Northern Senator; but after he had lost the nomination for the Presidency at Cincinnati in 1856, due to unavailability at the North, resulting from his support of these two measures, he became more decisive. In the discussion at Ottawa, in Illinois, between Mr. DOUGLAS and Mr. LINCOLN, which State they canvassed with a view to the Senatorial contest, Mr. DOUGLAS sought to make himself acceptable to the South by showing the relative and, as he expected, opposing positions of the two candidates on the question of admitting new States. "I ask the gentleman," said he, addressing Mr. LINCOLN, who was then on the platform—"how would you vote if a State were to apply for admission with a clause admitting slavery? I pause for a reply." Then, after waiting, he added: "Fellow-citizens, he does not answer. I will screw it out of him."

It needed no more than Mr. DOUGLAS'S expressed willingness to vote to admit such a State, made on the stump in the North, to turn the sympathies of the South toward him in this great national discussion; but later, in 1860, he was not considered by the South available for the Presidency, as a new Southern policy had been determined upon, arising mainly from the conviction that the political balance between the two sections could not be maintained on a basis of safety for slavery, and of assured success in their enjoyment of national power. The country was confronted with the result of Mr. DIXON'S amendment, the struggle to introduce slavery north of the compromise line. The two systems of liberty and slavery were thus brought directly into conflict, and the result was the war.

If General PIERCE were dragooned into the support of repeal by his cabinet and Mr. DOUGLAS against his original determination to oppose it, Mr. BUCHANAN was driven from his original position on the subject of the Kansas Constitution in a manner equally discreditable to his sagacity and patriotism. Mr. BUCHANAN had been Minister at the Court of St. James during the pendency of these distracting questions, and was so free from the complications which they created, that he was selected at Cincinnati as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and was elected against FILLMORE and FREMONT, although their united vote proved that a majority of the people was then adverse to Democratic rule. His first care was to state in his Inaugural that the will of a majority of the people of Kansas should be expressed and govern in the adoption of their Constitution. He appointed ROBERT J. WALKER Governor of the Territory, whose Message corresponded with the tone of the President's Inaugural, and who went to Kansas assured of the President's support in all measures of justice and right.

But Governor WALKER soon found that the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. THOMPSON, of Mississippi, was thwarting his efforts, and through Mr. CALHOUN the Surveyor-General of Kansas, appointed by THOMPSON, was intriguing to wield the Constitutional Convention of Kansas, of which Mr. CALHOUN was President, in behalf of Slavery; so that only the question whether Slavery should be further admitted might be voted on by the people, thus leaving it to the extent already prevailing untouched and established, and compelling acquiescence in the remaining provisions of the Constitution however objectionable they were. The people of Kansas stood aloof from this juggle, and the pro-Slavery Constitution was adopted and sent by Mr. BUCHANAN with favor to Congress, where it was strangled in the House of Representatives. The agent who went from Mr. THOMPSON'S office, of Secretary of the Interior, to Kansas to complete this scheme of partial submission, was named MARTIN. He promptly accomplished his object, and Mr. WALKER, Governor, and Mr. STANTON, Secretary of Kansas, were compelled to leave the Territory thus subjected to the perfidy of the President and his advisers.

In forming his Cabinet, Mr. BUCHANAN was cautioned against the danger of reliance upon General CASS alone as his main Northern adviser against the formidable strength of DAVIS in the Senate, and COBB and THOMPSON in the Cabinet, from the South. He was informed of an incident with regard to General CASS which Governor MARCY related. General JACKSON said to Governor MARCY, that when President he (JACKSON) had not only to be President but also Secretary of War, because General CASS, who occupied that post, would decide nothing, which General JACKSON attributed to the fact that General CASS had been for many years Governor of the Northwest Territory: "a position which had no politics, and that he had become a round man—*i. e.*, had no decisive points or qualities."

In the Cabinet of Mr. BUCHANAN, the inefficiency of his Chief was apparent, for the country was upon the very verge of civil war before it was warned by General CASS of the peril. Had there been an effective adviser from the North in those Cabinets, the danger resulting from the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, or of the Kansas policy, might have been avoided, and in either event, perhaps, the country saved from civil war.

THE POPE AS KING.

THE "Italian question" is neither settled nor likely to be settled for a long time yet. The French army remains at Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome; Tuscany is a camp with an army of fifty thousand Italians; MENABREA and his ministry are denounced and despised; the cities received and buried their dead citizens from the late battle-fields with the most solemn and universal respect; and the party of action feel that they have lost the King, with all the advantage that he was to them. The Pope remains at Rome, virtually guarded by France. But while the feeling of the people is profoundly excited, there seems to be no leader who can wield Italy with sagacity and power. There is all the familiar rhetoric of revolution and reform; but the Papal throne still stands, and while it stands Italy can not "do for herself."

The difficulty is not simple. It would be so if it were a question of politics merely. In that case nothing could be more preposterous than France summoning a European Congress to settle the Government of Italy. But it is a combined political and religious question. It is a question of the political status of the head of the Roman Church, and the Italian statesmen are traditionally Romanists, while the Italian people are actually so. They are at once ig

norant and superstitious, and it is impossible for them to regard the question as political merely. It is, indeed, often so regarded elsewhere. Intelligent journals ask why, in the name of justice, PIUS THE NINTH should be King of Rome if the Romans do not want him as King? But they forget that the King of Rome is the father of the French and Austrian and Spanish and Italian faithful, and that the Governments of all those countries do not wish to alienate the priesthood which directs the faithful, and must, therefore, incline toward the policy which is agreeable to the priests. Now, the priests feel that a certain visible royalty is very essential to the due impression of the supreme Pontiff upon the minds of the faithful; and those minds, therefore, regard a movement against the temporal sovereignty of the Pope as irreligious and wicked.

That there are many enlightened Romanists even among the Italians who believe that a separation of Church and State would be better for both is very possible. But that is the result of sound political thought and study, and how could they prove it to the mass of the people against the influence of the priests? The Pope, therefore, remains upon his throne not because his seven hundred thousand subjects wish him to remain, but because Romish Europe is unwilling that he should become in external position what a bishop or archbishop is. And not only is there this ecclesiastical reason for his remaining, but his abdication or removal would be so momentous a step out of the traditional and established order that none of the existing Romish governments wish to take the chance. It would be opening the gates, and what foe may be without who can tell?

The proposition which is sometimes gravely made that the question shall be put to a vote of the Roman people is, under the circumstances, very much like a suggestion that the people of the District of Columbia should decide whether the President should continue to reside in Washington, or Congress to make the local laws. These are national not District questions. And with a similar conviction European Romanists feel that the temporal position of the Papacy is not a question for the seven hundred thousand of Romanists in Rome, but for the millions and millions of Romanists all over the world.

Whatever LOUIS NAPOLEON'S theory or motive may be, France has lost Italy as an ally. The *Francesci* are becoming as hated as the *Tedeschi* were. LOUIS NAPOLEON has outraged the party of action, insulted the Government, and attached himself solely to the extreme reactionists; the ultra Tories; the children of the Holy Alliance. In the quarrel between France and Italy BISMARCK remains passive, for he at least appreciates the force of the religious view, and has no wish to precipitate a religious war.

THE MOVEMENT FOR GENERAL GRANT.

THE meeting at Cooper Institute which nominated General GRANT for the Presidency also appointed a Committee to take proper measures to secure his election. This Committee is composed of notable citizens of both parties, and they have held a preliminary meeting under the chairmanship of Mr. ALEXANDER T. STEWART to complete their arrangements.

The object of the Committee is very simple. It is to procure the co-operation of all persons in the country who feel such confidence in General GRANT, founded upon his character and sentiments as revealed in his public career, that they are willing to see him President. They feel that in the present situation of the country the indispensable necessity at the head of the Government is sagacity combined with inflexible principle. They ask for a President whose career shows the judgment and common-sense which are the essential qualities of statesmanship; and whose name is not associated with party conflicts, and is not of itself, therefore, a bar to political harmony.

The Committee expressly avoid all connection with politicians as such. We do not understand them to deny that in every free Government great results can be achieved by parties only, but as men of experience and shrewdness they know also how readily mere politicians can baffle the popular will, and how large and perilous a part "wire-pulling" plays in a popular system. The National Convention springs from the State Convention; that in turn from the Local Convention; that from the Primary Meeting, and the Primary Meeting is managed by JONES and JENKINS, who are the agents of SMITH and THOMPSON who do not appear. A few men in a parlor make "a State." They take care of the Primaries, they pack the Convention; they control the nominations; and the people do not vote for the candidates whom they prefer, but for those whom the gentlemen in the parlor select.

The GRANT movement thus undertaken is an attempt to allow the people to be heard. The Committee, we presume, are not forgetful that the mass of the people belong to one of the two great parties. They do not expect those parties to abandon their organizations. They do not aim to create a third party. But they expect, by showing that the intelligent, loyal sentiment of the country, which justified and sustained the war, now demands General GRANT as a candidate, to persuade the political managers that it is not wise to resist that demand.

Indeed, many of the leaders and most influential organs of the Republican party, and several Republican State Conventions, have already recognized the fact of which the present movement is the striking proof, that the people expect and require General GRANT to be the President by whose wise and temperate touch the national wounds are to be healed. This is the deepening, universal conviction: a conviction all the more satisfactory because the general sense sees in GRANT the same simple, plain man of the people, with the sturdy and steady distinctive Americanism which made ABRAHAM LINCOLN so pre-eminently dear to the national heart.

OTHER MAN AND WOMAN TRAPS.

WHILE public attention is turned to avoiding disasters upon railroads, it is useful to reflect also upon the traps called theatres. It seems ungracious at this holiday season to ask the question; but how many places of amusement in the city of New York are provided with proper means of escape in case of a sudden alarm? Niblo's Theatre is said to be the most secure in this respect, but a panic there would cause a frightful loss of life; and panic is produced in such a place by the consciousness of the restricted escape. There would be very little confusion in most of the churches because of the general knowledge that there is really very little danger that every body could not readily get out of the building.

"Her Majesty's" theatre, in London, where Miss KELLOGG has been triumphing, was lately burned just after the close of the performance. There were but four persons in it at the time, and they escaped with difficulty. "What," asks a letter-writer in the *Times*, "would have been the fate of an audience of 2500? The house was built about 1790, and was from top to bottom like a tinder-box. Escape would have been utterly impossible, for *in twenty minutes from the up-burst of the flames the whole interior was a roaring furnace*. Of course, library, wardrobe, instruments, all perished." We commend this passage to the consideration of those who frequent the New York theatres and also the attention of the authorities. The safety of building is not a matter to be left exclusively to private enterprise. Private enterprise would take the risk of burning up a thousand people for the chance of taking a thousand dollars. The people, therefore, ought, as it were, to say grace over the whole barrel. They wish to see good acting, and sometimes very bad—they also wish to hear good singing and to be solaced with the moral ballet, and they certainly do not wish to settle the details of personal safety every evening, and at every theatre, by refraining from going in at any doubtful door. Let them, therefore, by proper laws and proper officers, insist that all places of great public resort shall be so provided with means of egress that a panic from an alarm of fire may be virtually impossible. Let them be warned by the experience of private enterprise in the building of tenement houses.

If any suggestive reader should allude to existing laws upon the subject we should laugh him to scorn by pointing to every theatre in the city. If he replied that the public did not care enough about their own safety to see that proper laws were made and executed, we should still insist that sensible men ought not to yield to fools, and that it is no excuse for allowing a man to jump off a train at lightning speed that he was willing to take the risk. After the fearful Norwalk accident upon the New Haven railroad fifteen years ago, the State of Connecticut required that every train upon every road in the State which crossed a bridge with a draw should come to a full stop before crossing; and that judicious action has put a full stop to that kind of accident in Connecticut. There were plenty of fools willing to take the risk; you may sometimes meet one of them now who swears at the train for stopping, and who sneers at the regulation as a vile Puritan blue-law.

A little care and resolution would remedy these risks. If but a spark of the zeal which is devoted to securing the passage of a railroad charter, or to the erection of a theatre or hall, were spent in making them safe, we should go abroad almost as securely as we stay at home. But a sensible man now reflects with a shudder that his wife and children are gone to enjoy themselves at a play; and before leaving by the train he makes his will and takes a fond farewell.

MR. WHIPPLE'S EULOGY OF GOVERNOR ANDREW.

THE discourse before the authorities of Boston upon the late JOHN A. ANDREW, by EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, is remarkable among all such orations for moderation and wisdom. Its brief and clear analysis of character, its estimate of the power of the man and of his relation to his work and time, are so unique and satisfactory that every friend of the Governor's must feel a personal obligation to Mr. WHIPPLE. The discourse is the ripe result of the most appreciative affection, and of a rich and carefully-trained mind.

"THE MOONSTONE."

OUR readers will probably agree with us that the opening of "The Moonstone," the new Novel by WILKIE COLLINS, in our last Number, is in the very best manner of the author. The spell begins at once; mystery and superstition; the strange and vivid contrast of ancient India and modern England; the working out in the events of common life to-day of the traditional powers of a yellow diamond—all these are precisely the material for the curiously analytical genius and vivid pictorial talent of COLLINS, and promise us one of the most skillful and exciting of recent stories. The scenes and characters in the first Number are admirably managed. Gabriel Betteredge, the house-steward of Lady Verinder, tells the inmost secret of himself in telling the family history; and the appearance of the three Hindoos upon the warm terrace of the English country house, softly beating their drums and carefully looking about, is a master-touch. Like all WILKIE COLLINS'S stories, the "Moonstone" is written to be published serially, and should so be read. It began last week, and will continue regularly every week to the end of the work.

MISS MULOCH'S NEW NOVEL.

IN the January Number of *Harper's Magazine*, among many good things, is the beginning of "The Woman's Kingdom," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," a story which she promises us shall be "a thorough love story." Indeed, she declares that she does not pretend to make it any thing else. "There are other things in life besides love," says our delightful author, telling the truth in every word; "but every body who has lived at all knows that love is the very heart of life, the pivot upon which its whole machinery turns; without which no human existence can be complete; and with which, however broken and worn in part, it can still go on working somehow, and working to a comparative useful and cheerful end." Fully penetrated with this truth, the author of "A Noble Life" has here begun a most sweet and charming prose idyl of domestic life, and with all the grace and facility of her accomplished hand. The scenes are very natural and of the utmost interest, nor will any reader make himself acquainted with Edna and Letty without resolving to follow their fortunes to the end.

LITERARY.

A SPEECH by J. K. H. WILLCOX before the Universal Franchise Association of Washington, "Suffrage a Right, not a Privilege," is a thoughtful and striking essay upon the subject. Professor WILLCOX is the editor of the *Social Science Review*, and treats his topic from the latest political point of view of that school. Human right, in the opinion of our author, has no other limits than the laws of individual existence, the right of our fellows, and the power of the individual. Suffrage is not necessarily a violation of any of these. Indeed, he says, there is no alternative which involves so little wrong in government as universal suffrage. He says well of votes that "they only register the edicts of public opinion. It is the thought of the people in the widest sense that governs their action; the vote merely expresses and carries out the results to which they have come." We can, of course, merely mention here the evident careful political reflection that this speech evinces, which is issued by the Association in Washington.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENTS.

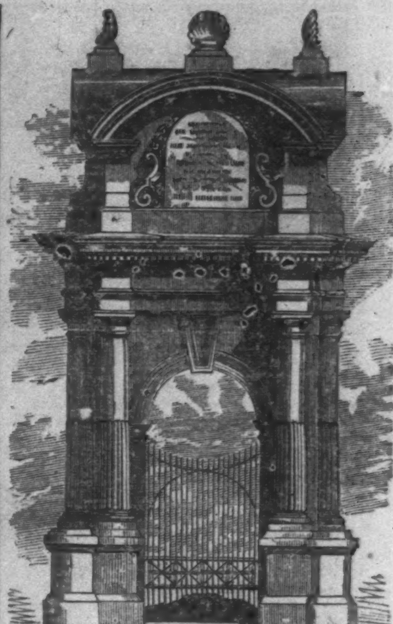
OUR English friends laughed at us a good deal during the early years of the rebellion, for our dread of masked batteries and gun-boats; they are now having a more ridiculous panic over the warlike demonstrations of the Fenians, who are represented as endeavoring to blow up the gas-works of Glasgow and Warrington, and who have been using the postal system and officials to circulate torpedoes which have exploded on the opening of the envelopes containing them. In Canada the excitement has been not less intense and comical, and on Christmas last the citizens of Montreal chiefly employed themselves in watching the English Cathedral and the water-works, to prevent the Fenians from blowing them up. The Parliament of the New Dominion, which adjourned on December 23, passed several bills for protection from Fenian invasion from the United States.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

WHAT is to be done with or for the Pope is very much disturbing the quiet of both France and Italy. Angry debates in the French Chambers and a dissolution of the Italian Cabinet have resulted from the effort to settle the issues growing out of the late attempt on Rome. So strong was the feeling against France in the Italian Cabinet and among the Italian people that General Menabrea, the Premier, a conservative and friendly to France, was compelled to resign. King Victor Emanuel, again disregarding public opinion and the counsel of a majority of his Cabinet, refused to accept his resignation, and ordered him to form a new Cabinet friendly to France. A dissolution of the Italian Parliament was also contemplated, on December 26, in order to place the issues clearly before the people.

PROGRESS OF LIBERALISM.

AUSTRIA on December 21 promulgated her new Constitution, and on December 24 her Parliament passed the bill emancipating the Jews from many of their social and religious disabilities. The past year was remarkable for the general reorganization and reconstruction movements among all nations of the world. New constitutions of a very liberal character have been adopted by or granted to Prussia, Austria, and Hungary, and the Southern States have taken the first important steps in the same direction. Slavery has been abolished in Brazil and Cuba, and two more ports of Japan are soon to be thrown open to foreign trade.



PLYMOUTH ROCK MONUMENT.

IN our last volume we gave an illustration of Plymouth Rock as it appeared at that time. Since the photograph from which we made that engraving was taken, a monument has been completed on the site, and we herewith give an illustration of it. The last stone was laid on December 7, 1867. The complete structure is 15 feet square and 38 feet high. The corner-stone was laid on the 1st of August, 1859, with appropriate ceremonies, and it is expected that the coming summer will witness its dedication. In connection with the deposit of the cap-stone, on December 7, an interesting event occurred. The Pilgrim bones, which were exhumed on Cole's Hill in 1855, during the construction of the water-works, and afterward deposited in a brick vault on the Burying Hill, were again removed from their resting-place, and carefully inclosed in a box lined with lead were placed in the open chamber in the attic between the cap-stone and the dome. The following inscription on the outside of the box containing the remains is an authentic record:

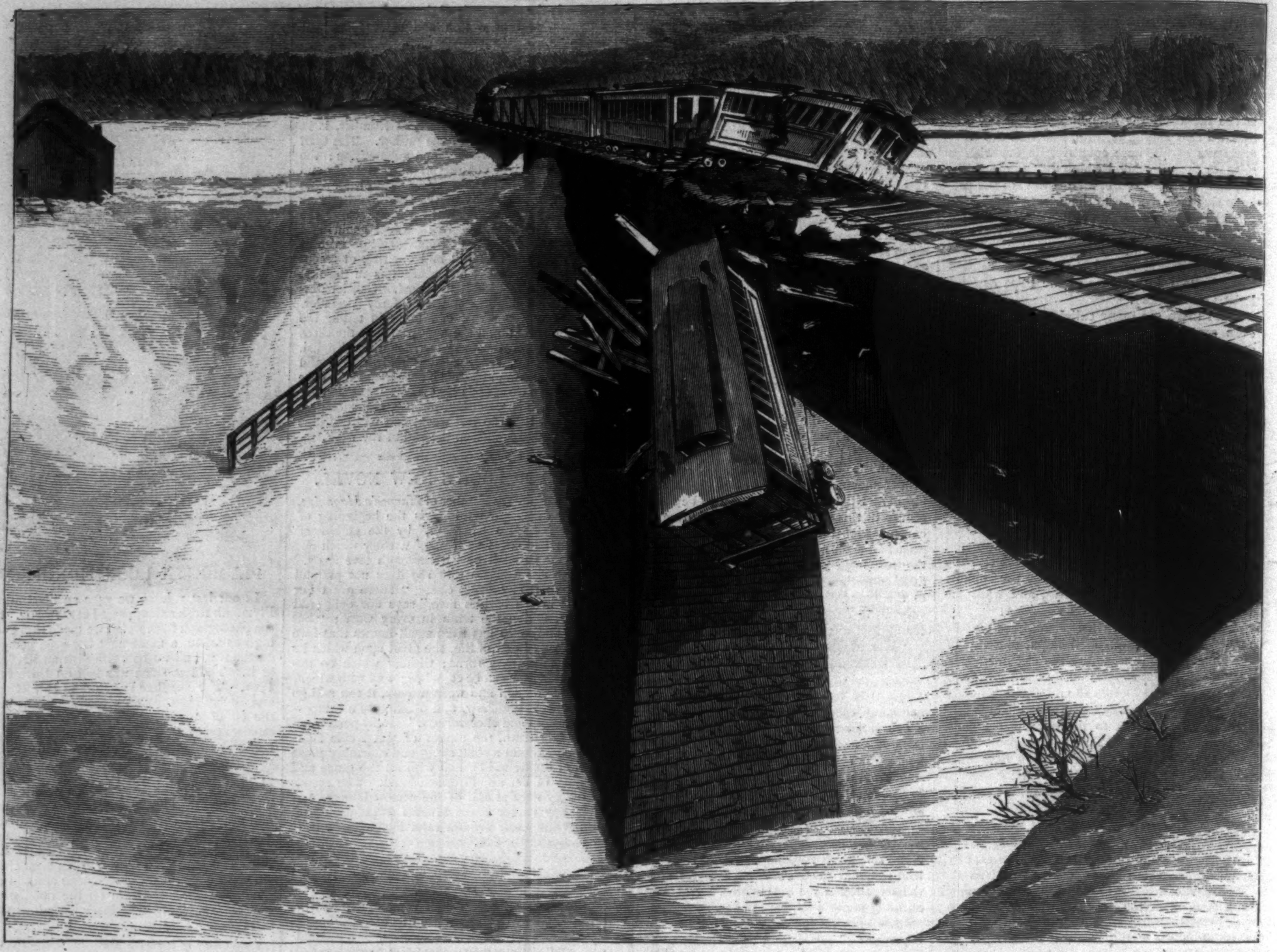
About fifty of the Pilgrims died during the winter of 1620 and 1621, and were buried on Cole's Hill. This number included Governor JOHN CARVER; WILLIAM WHITE; ELIZABETH WINSLOW, wife of Governor EDWARD WINSLOW; ROSE STANDISH, wife of Captain MILES STANDISH; and MARY ALLERTON, wife of ISAAC ALLERTON. On the 23d of May, 1855, workmen, while excavating a trench for the pipes of the Plymouth Water-Works, built during that year, found on the hill, a little south of Middle Street, nearly all the bones belonging to three skeletons. The skulls were submitted to Dr. JOHN C. WARREN and Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES of Boston, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were skulls of white persons or Indians. Their decision that the skulls were those of white persons made it certain that they were those of some of the Pilgrims who died in 1620 and 1621. The bones were soon after placed carefully in a vault on the Burying Hill, prepared for the purpose, and were exhumed and placed in the canopy over the Rock where the Pilgrims landed, on the 30th day of November, 1867, the day of the completion of the canopy.

THE ANGOLA DISASTER.

WE gave in a previous Number a brief account of the terrible accident on the Lake Shore Railroad, near Angola, New York, by which fifty persons were crushed and burned to death, we give on the next page three illustrations of the same horrible accident.

It appears from the account of our special artist, who was dispatched to the scene soon after the accident was known, that the rear car of the train was the first to leave the track. It bounded along the rails for some distance until it came to the bridge, when the vibration of that structure caused it to careen to one side, and the coupling which attached it to the preceding car breaking, it was thrown down the bridge, falling a distance of forty or fifty feet. The next car preceding it crossed the bridge in safety, but only to leap from the track soon after reaching the solid ground. The rear car fell to the left; the other to the right or south side of the bridge. Our first illustration shows the rear car leaving the track; the others show the position of both after the disaster had occurred. It is impossible to express in words the horrible consequences of the disaster to the inmates of the rear car. The other car, it should be remembered, was not much injured, and did not take fire; and though nearly all the passengers were more or less disabled, their injuries were slight compared with those of the passengers in the burned car. There were sixty passengers in this car; only two of them were taken out alive; the rest were burned almost past recognition.

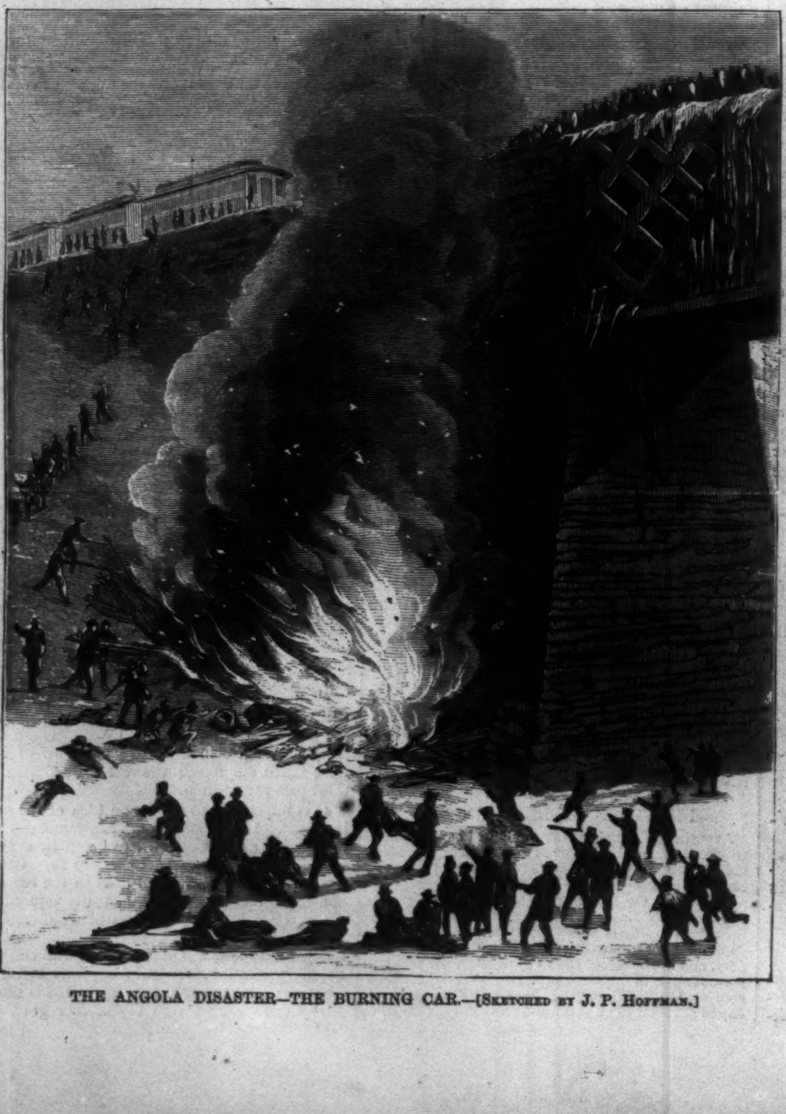
It is impossible to convey an idea of the scene in words. Our artist collected a number of the incidents which occurred as related by eye-witnesses, and has forwarded them to us. One of the young women who had been in the car least damaged, but who had been badly injured, insisted while her wounds were being dressed on nursing a babe rescued from the burning car, and taken from the breast of its mother who had been killed by the fall. A little boy was heard entreating each passenger to tell him if his mother would get well. "Will my mother get well?"



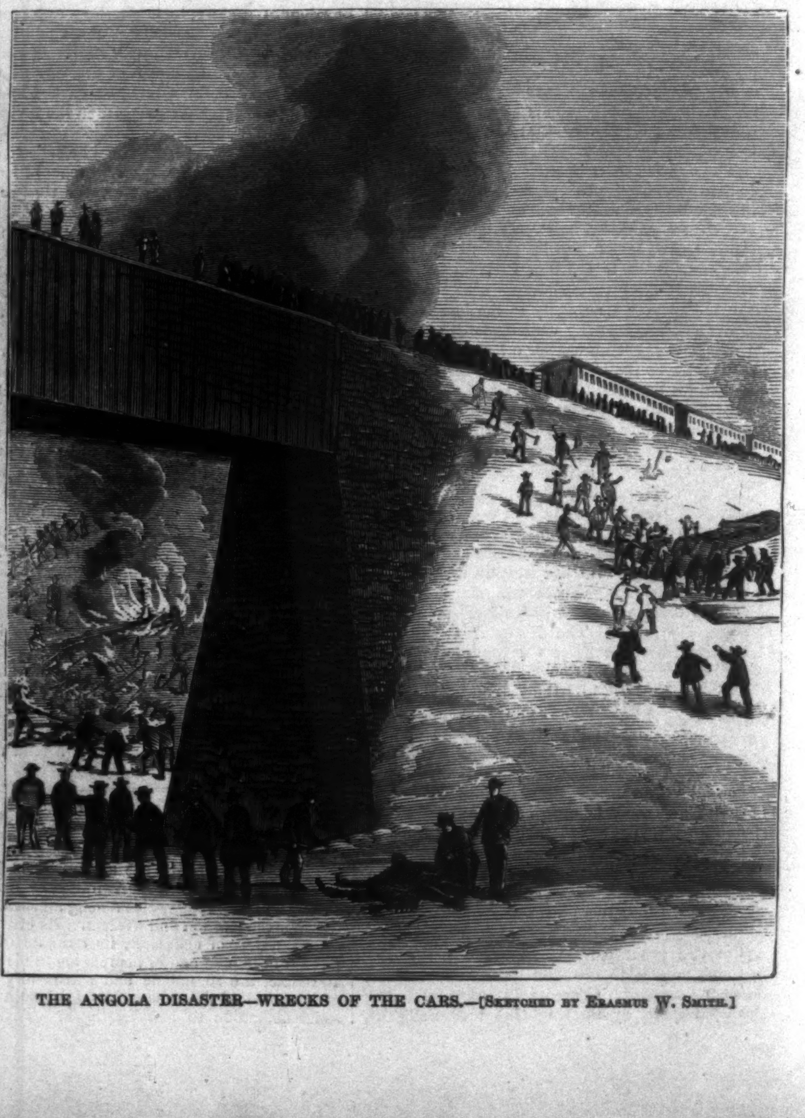
THE ANGOLA RAILROAD DISASTER—THE REAR CAR JUMPING FROM THE TRACK.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

was his agonizing cry. His mother was alive, but no one could have recognized a semblance to the human countenance in her bruised and mangled features. But the boy knew his mother, and knelt by her side, kissing her black and bleeding lips, entreating her most piteously to "get well quick." A man, stupefied from the shock, continually asked for his wife—"Where is she? Shall I never see her again?" Fortunately she escaped with slight injuries, but in the hurry and excitement of removing the bodies the two had been carried to different houses. Her first inquiry was after her husband, and one of the uninjured passengers, discovering the relationship, carried her news of his safety, and took back "her love" to her husband. Both recovered from their wounds.

Our third illustration on this page shows the wreck of the second car, with the burning one in the distance under the bridge. The three in their natural order and connection fully explain and illustrate the disaster. We are indebted for one of our sketches to Mr. ERASMUS W. SMITH, the well-known engineer.



THE ANGOLA DISASTER—THE BURNING CAR.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]



THE ANGOLA DISASTER—WRECKS OF THE CARS.—[SKETCHED BY ERASMUS W. SMITH.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER IV.

I AM truly sorry to detain you over me and my bee-hive chair. A sleepy old man, in a sunny back-yard, is not an interesting object, I am well aware. But things must be put down in their places, as things actually happened—and you must please to jog on a little while longer with me, in expectation of Mr. Franklin Blake's arrival later in the day.

Before I had time to doze off again, after my daughter Penelope had left me, I was disturbed by a rattling of plates and dishes in the servants' hall, which meant that dinner was ready. Taking my own meals in my own sitting-room, I had nothing to do with the servants' dinner, except to wish them a good stomach to it all round, previous to composing myself once more in my chair. I was just stretching my legs, when out bounced another woman on me. Not my daughter again; only Nancy, the kitchen-maid, this time. I was straight in her way out; and I observed, as she asked me to let her by, that she had a sulky face—a thing which, as head of the servants, I never allow, on principle, to pass me without inquiry.

"What are you turning your back on your dinner for?" I asked. "What's wrong now, Nancy?"

Nancy tried to push by without answering; upon which I rose up, and took her by the ear. She is a nice, plump young lass, and it is customary with me to adopt that manner of showing that I personally approve of a girl.

"What's wrong now?" I said, once more.

"Rosanna's late again for dinner," says Nancy. "And I'm sent to fetch her in. All the hard work falls on my shoulders in this house. Let me alone, Mr. Betteredge!"

The person here mentioned as Rosanna was our second house-maid. Having a kind of pity for our second house-maid (why, you shall presently know), and seeing in Nancy's face that she would fetch her fellow-servant in with more hard words than might be needful under the circumstances, it struck me that I had nothing particular to do, and that I might as well fetch Rosanna myself; giving her a hint to be punctual in future, which I knew she would take kindly from *me*.

"Where is Rosanna?" I inquired.

"At the sands, of course," says Nancy, with a toss of her head. "She had another of her fainting fits this morning, and she asked to go out and get a breath of fresh air. I have no patience with her."

"Go back to your dinner, my girl," I said. "I have patience with her, and I'll fetch her in."

Nancy (who has a fine appetite) looked pleased. When she looks pleased she looks nice. When she looks nice, I chuck her under the chin. It isn't immorality—it's only habit.

Well, I took my stick, and set off for the sands.

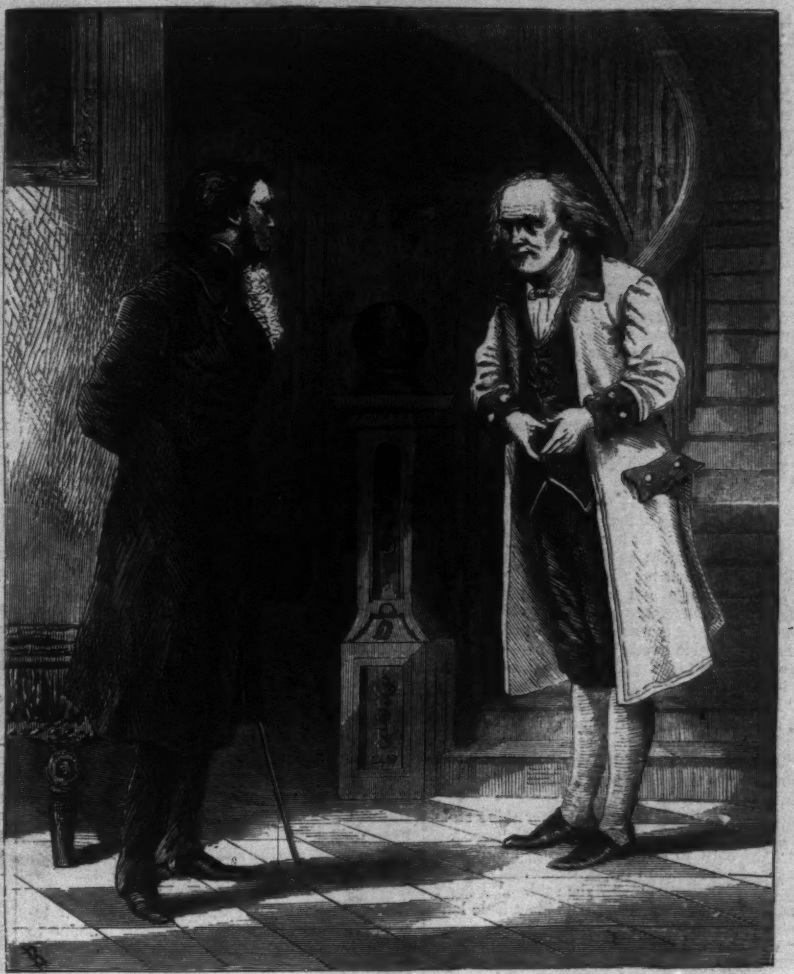
No! it won't do to set off yet. I am sorry again to detain you; but you really must hear the story of the sands, and the story of Rosanna—for this reason, that the matter of the Diamond touches them both nearly. How hard I try to get on with my statement without stopping by the way, and how badly I succeed! But, there!—Persons and Things do turn up so vexatiously in this life, and will in a manner insist on being noticed. Let us take it easy, and let us take it short; we shall be in the thick of the mystery soon, I promise you!

Rosanna (to put the Person before the Thing, which is but common politeness) was the only new servant in our house. About four months before the time I am writing of my lady had been in London, and had gone over a Reformatory, intended to save forlorn women from drifting back into bad ways, after they had got released from prison. The matron, seeing my lady took an interest in the place, pointed out a girl to her, named Rosanna Spearman, and told her a most miserable story, which I haven't the heart to repeat here; for I don't like to be made wretched without any use, and no more do you. The upshot of it was, that Rosanna Spearman had been a thief, and not being of the sort that get up Companies in the City, and rob from thousands, instead of only robbing from one, the law laid hold of her, and the prison and the reformatory followed the lead of the law. The matron's opinion of Rosanna was (in spite of what she had done) that the girl was one in a thousand, and that she only wanted a chance to prove herself worthy of any Christian woman's interest in her. My lady (being a Christian woman, if ever there was one yet) said to the matron upon that, "Rosanna Spearman shall have her chance in my service." In a week afterward Rosanna Spearman entered this establishment as our second house-maid.

Not a soul was told the girl's story excepting Miss Rachel and me. My lady, doing me the honor to consult me about most things, consulted me about Rosanna. Having fallen a good deal latterly into the late Sir John's way of always agreeing with my lady, I agreed with her heartily about Rosanna Spearman.

A fairer chance no girl could have had than was given to this poor girl of ours. None of the servants could cast her past life in her teeth, for none of the servants knew what it had been. She had her wages and her privileges, like the rest of them; and every now and then a friendly word from my lady, in private, to encourage her. In return she showed herself, I am bound to say, well worthy of the kind treatment bestowed upon her. Though far from strong, and troubled occasionally with those fainting fits already mentioned, she went about her work modestly and uncomplainingly, doing it carefully and doing it well. But somehow she failed to make friends among the other women-servants, excepting my daughter Penelope, who was always kind to Rosanna, though never intimate with her.

I hardly know what the girl did to offend them. There was certainly no beauty about her to make the others envious; she was the plainest woman in the house, with the additional misfortune of having one shoulder bigger than the other. What the servants chiefly resented, I think, was her silent tongue and her solitary ways. She read or worked in leisure hours when the rest gossiped. And when it came to her turn to go out, nine times out of ten she quietly put on her bonnet, and had her turn by herself. She never quarreled, she never took offense; she only kept a certain distance, obstinately and civilly, between the rest of them and herself. Add to this that, plain as she was, there was just a dash of something that wasn't like a house-maid, and that *was* like a lady, about her. It might have been in her voice, or it might have been in her face. All I can say is that the other women pounced on it



"MY LADY AND MISS RACHEL REGRET THAT THEY ARE ENGAGED, COLONEL."

like lightning the first day she came into the house; and said (which was most unjust) that Rosanna Spearman gave herself airs.

Having now told the story of Rosanna, I have only to notice one out of the many queer ways of this strange girl to get on next to the story of the sands.

"THERE SHE WAS, ALL ALONE, LOOKING OUT ON THE QUICKSAND AND THE SEA."

Our house is high up on the Yorkshire coast, and close by the sea. We have got beautiful walks all round us, in every direction but one. That one I acknowledge to be a horrid walk. It leads, for a quarter of a mile, through a melancholy plantation of firs, and brings you out between low cliffs on the loneliest and ugliest little bay on all our coast.

The sand-hills here run down to the sea, and end in two spits of rock jutting out opposite each other, till you lose sight of them in the water. One is called the North Spit, and one the South. Between the two, shifting backward and forward at certain seasons of the year, lies the most horrible quicksand on the shores of Yorkshire. At the turn of the tide something goes on in the unknown deeps below, which sets the whole face of the quicksand quivering and trembling in a manner most remarkable to see, and which has given to it, among the people in our parts, the name of The Shivering Sand. A great bank, half a mile out, nigh the mouth of the bay, breaks the force of the main ocean coming in from the offing. Winter and summer, when the tide flows over the quicksand, the sea seems to leave the waves behind it on the bank, and rolls its waters in smoothly with a heave, and covers the sand in silence. A lonesome and a horrid retreat, I can tell you! No boat ever ventures into this bay. No children from our fishing-village, called Cobb's Hole, ever come here to play. The very birds of the air, as it seems to me, give the Shivering Sand a wide berth. That a young woman, with dozens of nice walks to choose from, and company to go with her, if she only said "Come!" should prefer this place, and should sit and work or read in it, all alone, when it's her turn out, I grant you, passes belief. It's true, nevertheless, account for it as you may, that this was Rosanna Spearman's favorite walk, except when she went once or twice to Cobb's Hole, to see the only friend she had in our neighborhood—of whom more anon. It's also true that I was now setting out for this same place, to fetch the girl in to dinner, which brings us round happily to our former point, and starts us fair again on our way to the sands.

I saw no sign of the girl in the plantation. When I got out, through the sand-hills, on to the beach, there she was, in her little straw bonnet, and her plain gray cloak that she always wore to hide her deformed shoulder as much as might be—there she was, all alone, looking out on the quicksand and the sea.

She started when I came up with her, and turned her head away from me. Not looking me in the face being another of the proceedings which, as head of the servants, I never allow, on principle, to pass without inquiry—I turned her round my way, and saw that she was crying. My bandana handkerchief—one of six beauties given to me by my lady—was handy in my pocket. I took it out, and I said to Rosanna, "Come and sit down, my dear, on the slope of the beach along with me. I'll dry your eyes for you first, and then I'll make so bold as to ask what you have been crying about."

When you come to my age you will find sitting down on the slope of a beach a much longer job than you think it now. By the time I was settled, Rosanna had dried her own eyes with a very inferior handkerchief to mine—a cheap cambric. She looked very quiet, and very wretched; but she sat down by me like a good girl, when I

told her. When you want to comfort a woman by the shortest way take her on your knee. I thought of the golden rule. But there! Rosanna wasn't Nancy, and that's the truth of it!

"Now tell me, my dear," I said, "what are you crying about?"

"About the years that are gone, Mr. Betteredge," says Rosanna, quietly. "My past life still comes back to me sometimes."

"Come, come, my girl," I said, "your past life is all sponged out. Why can't you forget it?"

She took me by one of the lappets of my coat. I am a slovenly old man, and a good deal of my meat and drink gets splashed about on my clothes. Sometimes one of the women, and sometimes another, cleans me of my grease. The day before Rosanna had taken out a spot for me on the lappet of my coat with a new composition warranted to remove any thing. The grease was gone, but there was a little dull place left on the nap of the cloth where the grease had been. The girl pointed to that place and shook her head.

"The stain is taken off," she said. "But the place shows, Mr. Betteredge—the place shows!"

A remark which takes a man unawares by means of his own coat is not an easy remark to answer. Something in the girl herself, too, made me particularly sorry for her just then. She had nice brown eyes, plain as she was in other ways—and she looked at me with a sort of respect for my happy old age and my good character, as things forever out of her own reach, which made my heart heavy for our second house-maid. Not feeling myself able to comfort her, there was only one other thing to do. That thing was—to take her in to dinner.

"Help me up," I said. "You're late for dinner, Rosanna—and I have come to fetch you in."

"You, Mr. Betteredge!" says she.

"They told Nancy to fetch you," I said. "But I thought you might like your scolding better, my dear, if it came from me."

Instead of helping me up, the poor thing stole her hand into mine, and gave it a little squeeze. She tried hard to keep from crying again, and succeeded—for which I respected her. "You're very kind, Mr. Betteredge," she said. "I don't want any dinner to-day—let me bide a little longer here."

"What makes you like to be here?" I asked. "What is it that brings you everlastingly to this miserable place?"

"Something draws me to it," says the girl, making images with her finger in the sand. "I try to keep away from it, and I can't. Sometimes," says she, in a low voice, as if she was frightened at her own fancy, "sometimes, Mr. Betteredge, I think that my grave is waiting for me here."

"There's roast mutton and suet pudding waiting for you!" says I. "Go in to dinner directly. This is what comes, Rosanna, of thinking on an empty stomach!" I spoke severely, being naturally indignant (at my time of life) to hear a young woman of five-and-twenty talking about her latter end!"

She didn't seem to hear me: she put her hand on my shoulder, and kept me where I was, sitting by her side.

"I think the place has laid a spell on me," she said. "I dream of it night after night; I think of it when I sit stitching at my work. You know I am grateful, Mr. Betteredge—you know I try to deserve your kindness, and my lady's confidence in me. But I wonder sometimes whether the life here is too quiet and too good for such a woman as I am, after all I have gone through, Mr. Betteredge—after all I have gone through. It's more lonely to me to be among the other servants, knowing I am not what they are, than it is to be here. My lady doesn't know, the matron at the reformatory doesn't know, what a dreadful reproach honest people are in themselves to a woman like me. Don't scold me, there's a dear good man. I do my work, don't I? Please not to tell my lady I am discontented—I am not. My mind's unquiet, sometimes, that's all. She snatched her hand off my shoulder, and suddenly pointed down to the quicksand. "Look!" she said. "Isn't it wonderful? isn't it terrible? I have seen it dozens of times, and it's always as new to me as if I had never seen it before!"

I looked where she pointed. The tide was on the turn, and the horrid sand began to shiver. The broad brown face of it heaved slowly, and then dimpled and quivered all over. "Do you know what it looks like to *me*?" says Rosanna, catching me by the shoulder again. "It looks as if it had hundreds of suffocating people under it—all struggling to get to the surface, and all sinking lower and lower in the dreadful deeps! Throw a stone in, Mr. Betteredge! Throw a stone in, and let's see the sand suck it down!"

Here was unwholesome talk! Here was an empty stomach feeding on an unquiet mind! My answer—a pretty sharp one, in the poor girl's own interests, I promise you!—was at my tongue's end, when it was snapped short off on a sudden by a voice among the sand-hills shouting for me by my name. "Betteredge!" cries the voice, "where are you?" "Here!" I shouted out in return, without a notion in my head who it was. Rosanna started to her feet, and stood looking toward the voice. I was just thinking of getting on my own legs next, when I was staggered by a sudden change in the girl's face.

Her complexion turned of a beautiful red, which I had never seen in it before; she brightened all over with a kind of speechless and breathless surprise. "Who is it?" I asked. Rosanna gave me back my own question. "Oh! who is it?" she said, softly, more to herself than to me. I twisted round on the sand, and looked behind me. There, coming out on us from among the hills, was a bright-eyed young gentleman, dressed in a beautiful fawn-colored suit, with gloves and hat to match, with a rose in his button-hole, and a smile on his face that might have set the Shivering Sand itself smiling at him in return. Before I could get on my legs he plumped down on the sand by the side of me, put his arm round my neck, foreign fashion, and gave me a hug that fairly squeezed the breath out of my body. "Dear old Betteredge!" says he. "I owe you seven and sixpence. Now do you know who I am?"

Lord bless us and save us! Here—four good hours before we expected him—was Mr. Franklin Blake!

Before I could say a word I saw Mr. Franklin, a little surprised, to all appearance, look up from me to Rosanna. Following his lead, I looked at the girl too. She was blushing of a deeper red than ever; seemingly at having caught Mr. Franklin's eye, and she turned and left us suddenly, in a confusion quite unaccountable to my mind, without either making her courtesy to the gentleman or saying a word to me—very unlike her usual self: a civiler and better-behaved servant, in general, you never met with.

"That's an odd girl," says Mr. Franklin. "I wonder what she sees in me to surprise her?"

"I suppose, Sir," I answered, drolling on our young gentleman's Continental education, "it's the varnish from foreign parts."

I set down here Mr. Franklin's careless question, and my foolish answer, as a consolation and encouragement to all stupid people—it being, as I have remarked, a great satisfaction to our inferior fellow-creatures to find that their betters are, on occasions, no brighter than they are. Neither Mr. Franklin, with his wonderful foreign training, nor I, with my age, experience, and natural mother-wit, had the ghost of an idea of what Rosanna Spearman's unaccountable behavior really meant. She was out of our thoughts, poor soul, before we had seen the last flutter of her little gray cloak among the sand-hills. And what of that? you will ask naturally enough. Read on, good friend, as patiently as you can, and perhaps you will be as sorry for Rosanna Spearman as I was, when I found out the truth.

CHAPTER V.

THE first thing I did, after we were left together alone, was to make a third attempt to get up from my seat on the sand. Mr. Franklin stopped me.

"There is one advantage about this horrid place," he said; "we have got it all to ourselves. Stay where you are, Betteredge; I have something to say to you."

While he was speaking I was looking at him, and trying to see something of the boy I remembered in the man before me. The man put me out. Look as I might I could see no more of his boy's rosy cheeks than his boy's trim little jacket. His complexion had got pale: his face, at the lower part, was covered, to my great surprise and disappointment, with a curly brown beard and mustaches. He had a lively touch-and-go way with him, very pleasant and engaging, I admit; but nothing to compare with his free-and-easy manners of other times. To make matters worse, he had promised to be tall, and had not kept his promise. He was neat, and slim, and well made; but he wasn't by an inch or two up to the middle height. In short, he baffled me altogether. The years that had passed had left nothing of his old self, except the bright, straightforward look in his eyes. There I found our nice boy again, and there I concluded to stop in my investigation.

"Welcome back to the old place, Mr. Franklin," I said. "All the more welcome, Sir, that you have come some hours before we expected you."

"I have a reason for coming before you expected me," answered Mr. Franklin. "I suspect, Betteredge, that I have been followed and watched in London for the last three or four days; and I have traveled by the morning instead of the afternoon train because I wanted to give a certain dark-looking stranger the slip."

Those words did more than surprise me. They brought back to my mind, in a flash, the three jugglers, and Penelope's notion that they meant some mischief to Mr. Franklin Blake.

"Who's watching you, Sir—and why?" I inquired.

"Tell me about the three Indians you have had at the house to-day," says Mr. Franklin, without noticing my question. "It's just possible, Betteredge, that my stranger and your three jugglers may turn out to be pieces of the same puzzle."

"How do you come to know about the jugglers, Sir?" I asked, putting one question on the top of another, which was bad manners, I own. But you don't expect much from poor human nature—so don't expect much from me.

"I saw Penelope at the house," says Mr. Franklin; "and Penelope told me. Your daughter promised to be a pretty girl, Betteredge, and she has kept her promise. Penelope has got a small ear and a small foot. Did the late Mrs. Betteredge possess those inestimable advantages?"

"The late Mrs. Betteredge possessed a good many defects, Sir," says I. "One of them (if you will pardon my mentioning it) was never keeping to the matter in hand. She was more like a fly than a woman: she couldn't settle on any thing."

"She would just have suited me," says Mr. Franklin. "I never settle on any thing either. Betteredge, your edge is better than ever. Your daughter said as much, when I asked for particulars about the jugglers. 'Father will tell you, Sir. He's a wonderful man for his age; and he expresses himself beautifully.' Penelope's own words—blushing divinely. Not even my respect for you prevented me from—never mind; I knew her when she was a child, and she's none the worse for it. Let's be serious. What did the jugglers do?"

I was something dissatisfied with my daughter—not for letting Mr. Franklin kiss her; Mr. Franklin was welcome to *that*—but for forcing me to tell her foolish story at second-hand. However, there was no help for it now but to mention the circumstances. Mr. Franklin's merriment all died away as I went on. He sat knitting his eyebrows and twisting his beard. When I had done, he repeated after me two of the questions which the chief juggler had put to the boy—seemingly for the purpose of fixing them well in his mind.

"'Is it on the road to this house, and on no other, that the English gentleman will pass by us to-day?' 'Has the English gentleman got It about him?' I suspect," says Mr. Franklin, pulling a little sealed paper parcel out of his pocket, "that 'It' means *this*. And '*this*,' Betteredge, means my uncle Herncastle's famous Diamond."

"Good Lord, Sir!" I broke out, "how do you come to be in charge of the wicked Colonel's Diamond?"

"The wicked Colonel's will has left his Diamond as a birthday present to my cousin Rachel," says Mr. Franklin. "And my father, as the wicked Colonel's executor, has given it in charge to me to bring down here."

If the sea, then oozing in smoothly over the Shivering Sand, had been changed into dry land before my own eyes, I doubt if I could have been more surprised than I was when Mr. Franklin spoke those words.

"The Colonel's Diamond left to Miss Rachel!" says I. "And your father, Sir, the Colonel's executor! Why, I would have laid any bet you like, Mr. Franklin, that your father wouldn't have touched the Colonel with a pair of tongs!"

"Strong language, Betteredge! What was there against the Colonel? He belonged to your time, not to mine. Tell me what you know about him, and I'll tell you how my father came to be his executor, and more besides. I have made some discoveries in London about my uncle Herncastle and his Diamond, which have rather an ugly look to my eyes; and I want you to confirm them. You called him the 'wicked Colonel' just now. Search your memory, my old friend, and tell me why."

I saw he was in earnest, and I told him.

Here follows the substance of what I said, written out entirely for your benefit. Pay attention to it, or you will be all abroad, when we get deeper into the story. Clear your mind of the children, or the dinner, or the new bonnet, or what not. Try if you can't forget politics, horses, prices in the City, and grievances at the club. I hope you won't take this freedom on my part amiss; it's only a way I have of appealing to the gentle reader. Lord! haven't I seen you with the greatest authors in your hands, and don't I know how ready your attention is to wander when it's a book that asks for it, instead of a person?

I spoke, a little way back, of my lady's father, the old lord with the short temper and the long tongue. He had five children in all. Two sons to begin with; then, after a long time, his wife broke out breeding again, and the three young ladies came briskly one after the other, as fast as the nature of things would permit; my mistress, as before mentioned, being the youngest and best of the three. Of the two sons, the eldest, Arthur, inherited the title and estates. The second, the Honorable John, got a fine fortune left him by a relative, and went into the army.

It's an ill bird, they say, that fouls its own nest. I look on the noble family of the Herncastles as being my nest; and I shall take it as a favor if I am not expected to enter into particulars on the subject of the Honorable John. He was, I honestly believe, one of the greatest blackguards that ever lived. I can hardly say more or less for him than that. He went into the army, beginning in the Guards. He had to leave the Guards before he was two-and-twenty—never mind why. They are very strict in the army, and they were too strict for the Honorable John. He went out to India to see whether they were equally strict there, and to try a little active service. In the matter of bravery (to give him his due) he was a mixture of bull-dog and game-cock, with a dash of the savage. He was at the taking of Seringapatam. Soon afterward he changed into another regiment, and, in course of time, changed again into a third. In the third he got his last step as lieutenant-colonel, and, getting that, got also a sun-stroke, and came home to England.

He came back with a character that closed the doors of all his family against him, my lady (then just married) taking the lead, and declaring (with Sir John's approval, of course) that her brother should never enter any house of hers. There was more than one slur on the Colonel that made people shy of him; but the blot of the Diamond is all I need mention here.

It was said he had got possession of his Indian jewel by means which, bold as he was, he didn't dare acknowledge. He never attempted to sell it—not being in need of money, and not (to give him his due again) making money an object. He never gave it away; he never even showed it to any living soul. Some said he was afraid of its getting him into a difficulty with the military authorities; others (very ignorant indeed of the real nature of the man) said he was afraid, if he showed it, of its costing him his life.

There was perhaps a grain of truth mixed up with this last report. It was false to say that he was afraid; but it was a fact that his life had been twice threatened in India; and it was firmly believed that the Diamond was at the bottom of it. When he came back to England, and found himself avoided by every body, the Diamond was thought to be at the bottom of it again. The mystery of the Colonel's life got in the Colonel's way, and outlawed him, as you may say, among his own people. The men wouldn't let him into their clubs; the women—more than one—whom he wanted to marry, refused him; friends and relations got too near-sighted to see him in the street.

Some men in this mess would have tried to set themselves right with the world. But to give in, even when he was wrong, and had all society against him, was not the way of the Honorable John. He had kept the Diamond, in flat defiance of assassination, in India. He kept the Diamond, in flat defiance of public opinion, in England. There you have the portrait of the man before you, as in a picture: a character that braved every thing; and a face, handsome as it was, that looked possessed by the devil.

We heard different rumors about him from time to time. Sometimes they said he was given up to smoking opium, and collecting old books; sometimes he was reported to be trying strange things in chemistry; sometimes he was seen carousing and amusing himself among the lowest people in the lowest slums of London. Anyhow, a solitary, vicious, underground life was the life the Colonel led. Once, and once only, after his return to England, I myself saw him, face to face.

About two years before the time of which I am now writing, and about a year and a half before the time of his death, the Colonel came unexpectedly to my lady's house in London. It was the night of Miss Rachel's birthday, the twenty-first of June; and there was a party in honor of it, as usual. I received a message from the footman to say that a gentleman wanted to see me. Going up into the hall, there I found the Colonel, wasted, and worn, and old, and shabby, and as wild and as wicked as ever.

"Go up to my sister," says he; "and say that I have called to wish my niece many happy returns of the day."

He had made attempts by letter, more than once already, to be reconciled with my lady, for no other purpose, I am firmly persuaded, than to annoy her. But this was the first time he had actually come to the house. I had it on the tip of my tongue to say that my mistress had a party that night. But the devilish look of him daunted me. I went up stairs with his message, and left him, by his own desire, waiting in the hall. The servants stood staring at him, at a distance, as if he was a walking engine of destruction, loaded with powder and shot, and likely to go off among them at a moment's notice.

My lady has a dash—no more—of the family temper. "Tell Colonel Herncastle," she said, when I gave her her brother's message, "that Miss Verinder is engaged, and that *I* decline to see him." I tried to plead for a civiler answer than that; knowing the Colonel's constitutional superiority to the restraints which govern gentlemen in general. Quite useless! The family temper flashed out at me directly. "When I want your advice," says my lady, "you know that I always ask for it. I don't ask for it now." I went down stairs with the message, of which I took the liberty of presenting a new and amended edition of my own contriving, as follows: "My lady and Miss Rachel regret that they are engaged, Colonel; and beg to be excused having the honor of seeing you."

I expected him to break out, even at that polite way of putting it. To my surprise he did nothing of the sort; he alarmed me by taking the thing with an unnatural quiet. His eyes, of a glittering bright gray, just settled on me for a moment; and he laughed, not *out* of himself, like other people, but *into* himself, in a soft, chuckling, horridly mischievous way. "Thank you, Betteredge," he said. "I shall remember my niece's birthday." With that, he turned on his heel, and walked out of the house.

The next birthday came round, and we heard he was ill in bed. Six months afterward—that is to say, six months before the time I am now writing of—there came a letter from a highly respectable clergyman to my lady. It communicated two wonderful things in the way of family news. First, that the Colonel had forgiven his sister on his death-bed. Second, that he had forgiven every body else, and had made a most edifying end. I have myself (in spite of the bishops and the clergy) an unfeigned respect for the Church; but I am firmly persuaded, at the same time, that the devil remained in undisturbed possession of the Honorable John, and that the last abominable act in the life of that abominable man was (saving your presence) to take the clergyman in!

This was the sum total of what I had to tell Mr. Franklin. I remarked that he listened more and more eagerly the longer I went on. Also, that the story of the Colonel being sent away from his sister's door, on the occasion of his niece's birthday, seemed to strike Mr. Franklin like a shot that had hit the mark. Though he didn't acknowledge it, I saw that I had made him uneasy, plainly enough, in his face.

"You have said your say, Betteredge," he remarked. "It's my turn now. Before, however, I tell you what discoveries I have made in London, and how I come to be mixed up in this matter of the Diamond, I want to know one thing. You look, my old friend, as if you didn't quite understand the object to be answered by this consultation of ours. Do your looks belie you?"

"No, Sir," I said. "My looks, on this occasion at any rate, tell the truth."

"In that case," says Mr. Franklin, "suppose I put you up to my point of view before we go any further. I see three very serious questions involved in the Colonel's birthday-gift to my cousin Rachel. Follow me carefully, Betteredge; and count me off on your fingers, if it will help you," says Mr. Franklin, with a certain pleasure in showing how clear-headed he could be, which reminded me wonderfully of old times when he was a boy. "Question the first: Was the Colonel's Diamond the object of a conspiracy in India? Question the second: Has the conspiracy followed the Colonel's Diamond to En-

gland? Question the third: Did the Colonel know the conspiracy followed the Diamond; and has he purposely left a legacy of trouble and danger to his sister, through the innocent medium of his sister's child? *That* is what I am driving at, Betteredge. Don't let me frighten you."

It was all very well to say that, but he *had* frightened me.

If he was right, here was our quiet English house suddenly invaded by a devilish Indian diamond—bringing after it a conspiracy of living rogues, set loose on us by the vengeance of a dead man. There was our situation, as revealed to me in Mr. Franklin's last words! Who ever heard the like of it—in the nineteenth century, mind; in an age of progress, and in a country which rejoices in the blessings of the British constitution? Nobody ever heard the like of it, and, consequently, nobody can be expected to believe it. I shall go on with my story, however, in spite of that.

When you get a sudden alarm, of the sort that I had got now, nine times out of ten the place you feel it in is your stomach. When you feel it in your stomach your attention wanders, and you begin to fidget. I fidgeted silently in my place on the sand. Mr. Franklin noticed me, contending with a perturbed stomach, or mind, which you please—they mean the same thing—and, checking himself just as he was starting with his part of the story, said to me, sharply, "What do you want?"

What did I want? I didn't tell *him*; but I'll tell *you*, in confidence. I wanted a whiff of my pipe, and a turn at Robinson Crusoe.

PAUL FALCONER'S LEGACY.

It was a bleak December evening. People called it "Christmas weather." So it was for those who had a great fire on the hearth, boughs of holly on the wall, and all sorts of savory cooking going forward in the kitchen. But some people had none of these things; and *they* called it "hard times."

There were no outward signs of Christmas in a certain desolate house in the north of London. It belonged to a poor widow, who earned a scanty living by letting furnished apartments. The neighborhood was too humble, and the furniture too mean, for her lodgers to be any thing but needy, struggling people. Yet the little faded house was quiet and comfortable; to the last new-comer it seemed quite a haven of peace.

He was a young man, not more than three-and-twenty. He had very little luggage, and that was principally manuscripts. He scarce ever left his room; and all the landlady knew about him was that his name was Paul Falconer, and that his rent was paid in advance.

On Christmas-eve, when she carried some coals to his fire, she found him lying listlessly upon the little uncomfortable sofa. There had been an unusual bustle on the staircase; and as he watched her moving about his room he asked what had caused it.

"Why, you see, Sir," she answered, "it's Christmas-time; and that makes a little difference to every body."

"What! is there a party in the house?" he asked.

"No, indeed, Sir; but there's one a-coming and another a-going. The young gentleman in the room above has got his brother with him. They're orphans; and this place is the lad's only home when he comes from boarding-school. The elder one is a good brother, and makes all sorts of sacrifices; and the little one seems a nice boy, and likely to reward him. Then the two lodgers in the attics have both gone until after Boxing Day—one to his mother's house, and the other to see his sweet-heart in the country. You know Christmas comes but once a year, Sir."

"Ay, indeed!" said he.

"Maybe you'll be having company yourself, to-morrow, Sir?" she inquired, stooping to pick a shred from the carpet.

"No—no one," he said; "there is no one coming."

She went out and closed the door, and he rose from his couch and took the easy-chair facing the fire.

"It is too late," he said to himself; "too late—too late! I reap only what I sowed. God forgive me!"

For some time he sat in silence; then he murmured again, "I gave all for Fame—home duties, household affection. I let my mother work herself into her grave, because I feared to darken my future prospects by premature toil. Then, when she was gone, I was too self-occupied to remember my orphan brother, and so I left him to himself; and while I sought fame he found infamy; and was only carried from a convict's cell to a convict's grave! And where is this Fame? I see her in the dim distance, as I stand with one foot in the tomb, and she is not as fair as I fancied her! And I have only lived for this! so I have surely lived in vain!"

Presently he turned to the table, and taking up pen and paper he wrote:

"THE BEAUTIFUL BIRD OF SPRING.

"Many years ago, in a far-off country, there lived a youth named Espero. He resided with his mother in a pretty cottage, and his only duty was to cultivate the fields around. Espero was very happy until he heard a legend of a strange, beautiful bird, which sometimes passes over that district in the spring-time, carrying in its crest a precious stone, which made the fortune of the lucky being who captured it. After hearing this story he spent his time in watching the clouds, at the very season when he should have been sowing his furrows, which conduct made his mother very angry and uneasy.

"At last, one bright morning, he spied the object of his desire, and started off in pursuit. He heard his mother call, but he only shouted back that he would return the moment it was caught. The bird flew over his fields, and on he went after it, trampling down his own flowers and vegetables. Oh, it was a weary race, and led through such dismal ways! But it ended at last. He caught the bird, and saw the gem on its head. It was not so large as the legend had reported; in short, not worth more than two or three of his own harvests. And the fowl pecked him sorely all the way home. When he got there he wondered to find the neighbors did not know him, and he wondered more to find his fields brown, and bare, and desolate. He went to the house and called his mother, but there was no answer. He found the rooms were all empty. So he went out again, and spoke to the first person he met.

"'Why don't you speak to me?' he asked.

"'Who on earth are you?' replied the other.

"'Are you gone mad? Don't you know Espero—your next-door neighbor?'

"The man stared, and then turned about and shouted, 'Comrades, all of ye, here's Espero come home!'

"'What wonder is that?' said Espero, pettishly. 'Where is my mother?'

"'Dead, long ago,' said a woman who came up.

"'Dead! in this short time!' he exclaimed, incredulously.

"'Short time indeed!' remarked the woman; 'it's more than ten years, and it might be twenty by the changes in you—your hair is nearly gray!'

"And Espero sat down on the ground and wept.

"Quite a little crowd gathered round him, and among them the aged crone from whom he had heard the 'Legend of the Beautiful Bird.'

"Presently he looked up and said faintly, 'Carry me home. There is a sickness at my heart; I think I shall die.'

"And the beldam stooped over him, and said, 'I did not know you would set your mind on the story I told, or I could have taught you that though the bird has a gem in its crest it has poison in its talons.'

"So Espero died, and they buried him, and a stranger got the price of the Beautiful Bird of Spring."

When Paul Falconer had finished this fable he folded it and wrote a superscription on the cover. Then he shivered and sighed wearily. "I am chilly and tired: I must rest; I have lived in vain—it is too late now!"

And when the frosty sunshine stole into the dim chamber and the widow came to perform her daily duties she found that a Guest had been there early on that Christmas morning, and had taken Paul Falconer from his lonely feast-day, for she stood face to face with the dead.

On New-Year's Day one or two gentlemen came to the humble funeral, and took possession of the disordered papers, and that last manuscript which they found on the desk where Paul had left it. And then the other lodgers told the widow that the dead man had been on his way to greatness, and they read in the public prints about "a genius who had left his fame behind him;" and the widow lifted her hands and wondered, and when the news-writers had quite forgotten his gifts, she remembered him as "a kind spoken youth, whom folks call clever."

And that was the end of Paul Falconer.

* * * * * * *

More than twenty Christmas-tides passed away, and then one very snowy Christmas-eve found a youth lounging about in the great "keeping-room" of an Essex farm-house. Though the evening was drawing on, he had no light except from the great fire on the hearth, neither did he appear to have any occupation. The chamber was comfortable enough, and would have been snug had the red curtains been drawn to exclude the desolate winter landscape. But as the boy paced the room he seemed too lost in thought to notice these things.

He was about sixteen years of age, rather tall, with a striking face, just a shade too pale, and looking paler because of his mourning apparel. That mourning explained the hush of the whole house, for the first snow of the season lay on the fresh sods of its master's grave. Maurice Liddon had come from school to his father's funeral.

It was an important time in the lad's life, for that pale youth was an enthusiast in art, and his father had just made arrangements for his reception into the studio of a great London painter. But now the strong providing hand was gone. Besides this son there were two little daughters, quite children, whose education and future must be provided for. But the widowed mother was proud of her boy's genius, and only too ready to make any sacrifice for his advantage. Maurice Liddon knew this, and knew what this sacrifice must be. His sisters would have no instruction superior to that of the village school, his mother would dismiss her servants, and the pleasant household would drop into one hard struggle for existence, while he would fare sumptuously in the city and shape out a bright future for himself. "But they will share it," he thought, "yes, they will certainly share the comfort and the glory without the labor. Perhaps the girls would not profit much by a costly education, and every one says I shall be great, and I believe I shall; but not if I am doomed to obscurity, of course."

"Mother likes me to go," he muttered, presently, as if his conscience called loudly for more excuses to lull her; "her little self-denials will be a pleasure. She is a dear, good mother, and I will reward her some day. Yes, I will go.

He did not want to think any more about it, so he stirred the fire into a brighter blaze, and looked round the room for a book. There was a small pile of volumes on the side-board, which had been brought out from some of his father's stores. They did not seem very promising; some were County Registers, and others numbers of the "Gentleman's Magazine," but at last he lighted on a worn and torn periodical dated twenty years before.

He took it to the fire-light, and kneeled down on the hearth. It contained some chapters of an old-fashioned novel, with many of the pages torn away; a poem, half defaced; and a review of some scientific work, which the progress of knowledge had proved to be one long mistake. In short, only one article was entire and readable, and it was called "The Beautiful Bird of Spring."

Maurice Liddon read the fable quite through, and he saw, but did not notice, the name of "Paul Falconer" at the end. Then he leaned his head against the oak chimney-piece, and gazed silently into the fire.

About an hour later his mother came in with a candle and some linen; for there was plenty of needle-work to be done before his city outfit could be ready. But Maurice rose and went to her side, and told her he should not go—at least, not for the present—that he could not leave her in her new sorrow, and he was sure he could make great progress by himself. And she threw her arms round his neck, and told him that though she could not bear that any wish of hers should hinder his start in life, yet she was heartily glad of his decision—she could not say how glad!

Then Maurice took up the torn and worn magazine, and stole to his own room, and put it in the box with his colors and brushes; and then he kneeled down, and wept as he whispered, "I thank thee, Heavenly Father, that thou hast strengthened me to do right! In thy hands I leave the future. Help me to do my duty, and then if fame come, it will not be too costly."

And like an answer from God came the memory of the "first commandment with promise"—"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

* * * * * * *

Years passed by. Once more it was Christmas-tide in Liddon farm; but it did not find Maurice Liddon in the keeping-room alone. Beside the blazing hearth sat a silvery-haired dame, and on a low seat in front of her were two young girls, in all the fresh beauty of early womanhood. Maurice stood by the table, unfastening sundry post packets.

"There, Lyddie," said he, laughing, and tossing one to his youngest sister, "you must read that for me—my trumpeter is not dead yet."

She took the newspaper, and read aloud from the marked paragraph:

"Of all the pictures in the Winter Exhibition, none charms us more than Mr. Liddon's 'Plowing at Early Morning.' While we look at it, we feel the country breezes. Happy, indeed, is the artist who need never paint except when inspiration is on him, and such we feel sure is Mr. Liddon. He does not look upon nature as a lay figure; he knows it, in the poet's words, 'as his mother's face,' and interprets it with the honest affection of a son."

"Well done, Maurice," said the mother, softly, taking his hand between her own.

"How famous you would be had you devoted yourself to art as some do?" remarked his eldest sister.

"Not so," replied Maurice, gravely. "Very likely I should have formed wild habits, or degenerated into a mere copyist. Ten years ago I might have been foolish enough to sacrifice certain happiness for uncertain glory; but this little story—read just at the right time—made me wiser;" and Maurice took the old magazine from his painting-box, and pointed to "The Beautiful Bird of Spring."

His two sisters read it—looking over each other—and when they had finished, Lydia sighed gently—

"Paul Falconer! who was he? I never heard of him."

"Neither did I," said Maurice.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Report says that since November 18, when St. Thomas was convulsed with a terrific earthquake and hurricane, no less than five hundred distinct shocks have been felt by the residents of that island. But earthquakes seem not to be confined to St. Thomas—more recently they have occurred in divers places nearer home—in Canada, in Vermont, and in Northern New York, although no damage was done in these places, beyond rousing numerous frightened people from their slumbers. Nature certainly appears to be in an unstable and excited state, and many nervous people begin to quake in their shoes. Nobody can predict what is to be in the future; but up to present date, in our country at least, *earthquakes* can not compare with *locomotives* as "engines of destruction." Indeed it would seem far more safe to take a house in St. Thomas, than to take a car on almost any of our railroad routes. Scarcely a day passes without adding to the list of "accidents," and "railroad disasters" are fast becoming—as "boiler explosions" were a short time ago—part of the regular and standard "news of the day."

Among the great convulsions of nature the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which is continually increasing in power and splendor, is not likely to be overlooked nor forgotten. Recent dispatches from Naples state that immense sheets of white, yellow, and crimson flame arise hundreds of feet above the crater, and at night the Bay of Naples is lighted up for miles. Lava is pouring down the mountain-side in immense quantities, and large stones are occasionally thrown out from the mouth of the volcano. A deep rumble, like reverberating thunder, is heard from time to time, as in the bowels of the earth, and many of the people in the vicinity have left their homes, fearing an earthquake or other calamity. No such eruption has probably occurred in Vesuvius for centuries, and the spectacle is regarded as one of the most magnificent and sublime ever witnessed in nature.

Almost every body who commits a murder nowadays is found—usually after the murder—*to be insane*. A member of Congress from Ohio was recently killed by his son, seventeen years old, who struck his father a blow on the head with an axe. The young man had been very melancholy for some time before, and a physician to whom he was taken "pronounced him to be affected with insanity of an *inactive* character." If an *inactive* kind of insanity manifests itself by a disposition to deal blows with an axe, *query*, how would insanity of an *active*-kind show itself?

Washington is getting quite calmed down in regard to the marriage of Colonel Parker, which was privately celebrated one evening to the immense chagrin of numerous people, who on the *following* day flocked to the church, which rumor said was to be the place of the ceremony. The said church was being ornamented preparatory to Christmas, but somebody said it was being adorned for the postponed wedding. The saying flew on the wings of the wind. A great crowd gathered, but soon turned sheepishly away as if an April joke had been played upon them. The young couple had circumvented the curious public. The following singular statement is made in one of the newspapers: "It is due to Colonel Parker to state that he has never contemplated any other event or action than that which was consummated by the marriage."

After a minute and prolonged investigation, occupying many days, a verdict was rendered by the jury "that Mrs. Fall died at her residence from the effects of strychnine, but by whom given her is not known to the jury;" and "that Jenny Fall died from the effects of poison given her by some person or persons unknown;" precisely what was known the next day after the tragedy was discovered, and nothing more.

There is no need to go to Kentucky to see a Mammoth Cave, there is one close by us quite equal to the great original—so the enthusiastic visitors declare—and New Yorkers and others can investigate its hidden wonders to their hearts' content. This wonder is said to have been in process of construction for more than a year, and that it will be a permanent attraction to Banvard's Museum. The cavern occupies the entire area underneath the Museum, corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street, and apparently several blocks besides.

A scientific gentleman of Louisville, Kentucky, claims to have established the truth of the theory that animals living permanently in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky are not only without a trace of the optic nerve, but are also destitute of the sense of hearing. At one time he penetrated about four miles into the interior of the cave, and some four hundred feet below the surface of the earth the solitude and total absence of sound produced a very distressing and almost insupportable effect upon him, resulting in a very perceptible, although temporary, defection of hearing and aberration of mind. This explains the fact why persons lost in the cave for one, two, or three days have always been found, when rescued, in a state of temporary insanity. The mind and special senses gradually become weakened or paralyzed.

A comfortable invention has been made for skaters. A square bit of soap-stone, made hot in the fire, is inserted in the skate-stock. It retains warmth for some hours, and keeps the skater's foot in a comfortable condition—a sort of portable stove which is handy and effective.

Low-water is generally considered a misfortune; but the people living along the banks of the Missouri River are turning to good account the low condition of water in that stream. They turn out in large numbers and dig up the bed of the river for valuables lost by the wreck of steamboats. In one locality large amounts of canned meats, fruits, and oysters, as well as many bottles of wine, have been found.

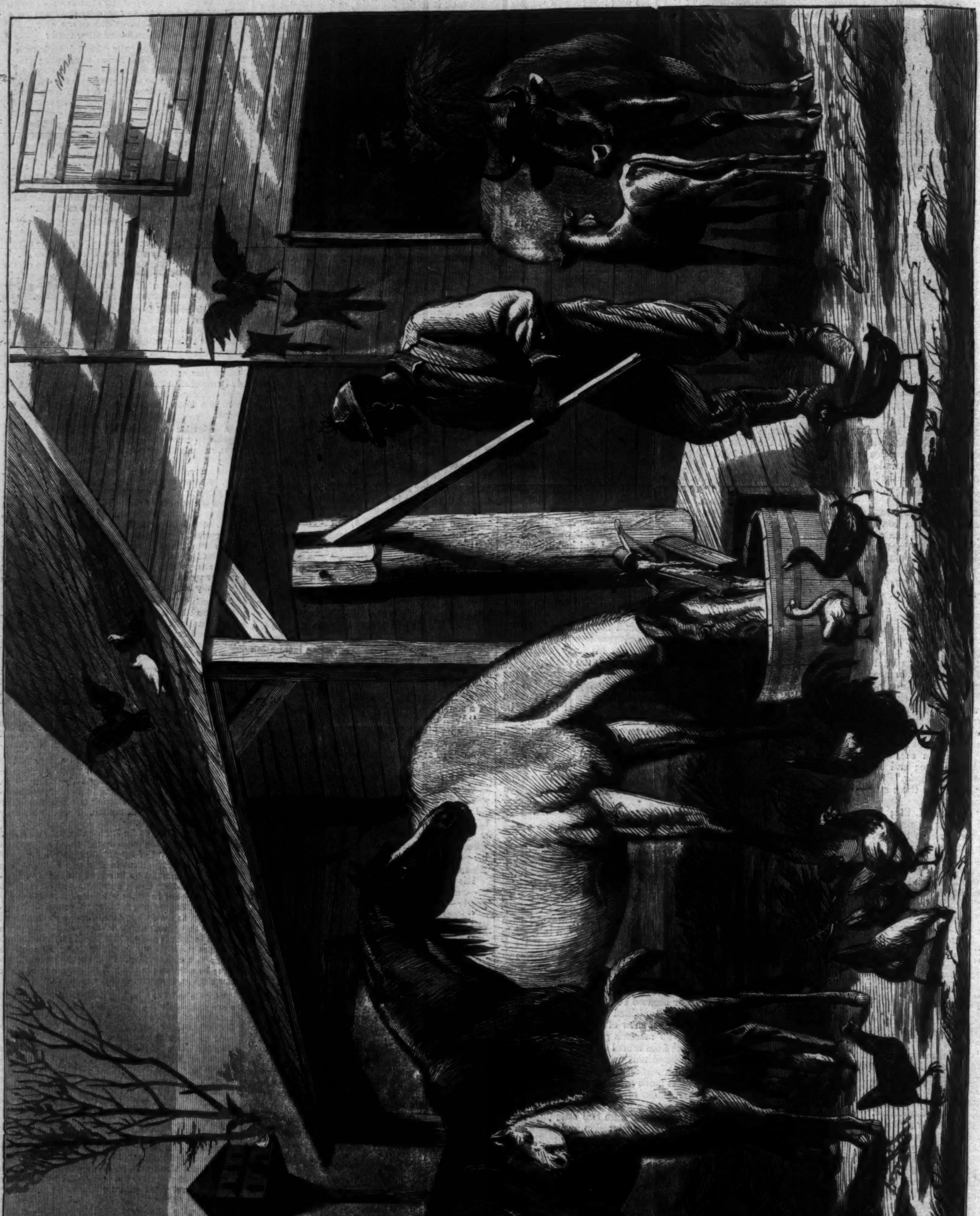
"Norwood" has been published as a three-volume novel in England, and, judging by the criticisms in English reviews, has been very favorably received. Whether it will ever be issued in a convenient book-form by an American publisher is a question which the future alone will determine. It would certainly meet with a large sale.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* states that the dramatization of "Norwood," and Mr. Beecher's supposed approval of theatrical representations, has created great excitement in Plymouth Church. The matter was brought up in one of the church prayer-meetings, and Mr. Beecher stated among other things that "the letter he wrote was intended simply to say that if Mr. Bonner saw fit to let 'Norwood' be dramatized, he, as the author, 'would make no fuss about it.' He thought an unfair advantage had been taken of him in the use made of the letter, in the construction put upon his words, and in using his name in connection with the play. He did not approve of theatres; he never was in one at a performance; he never saw a circus, even, and never expected to."

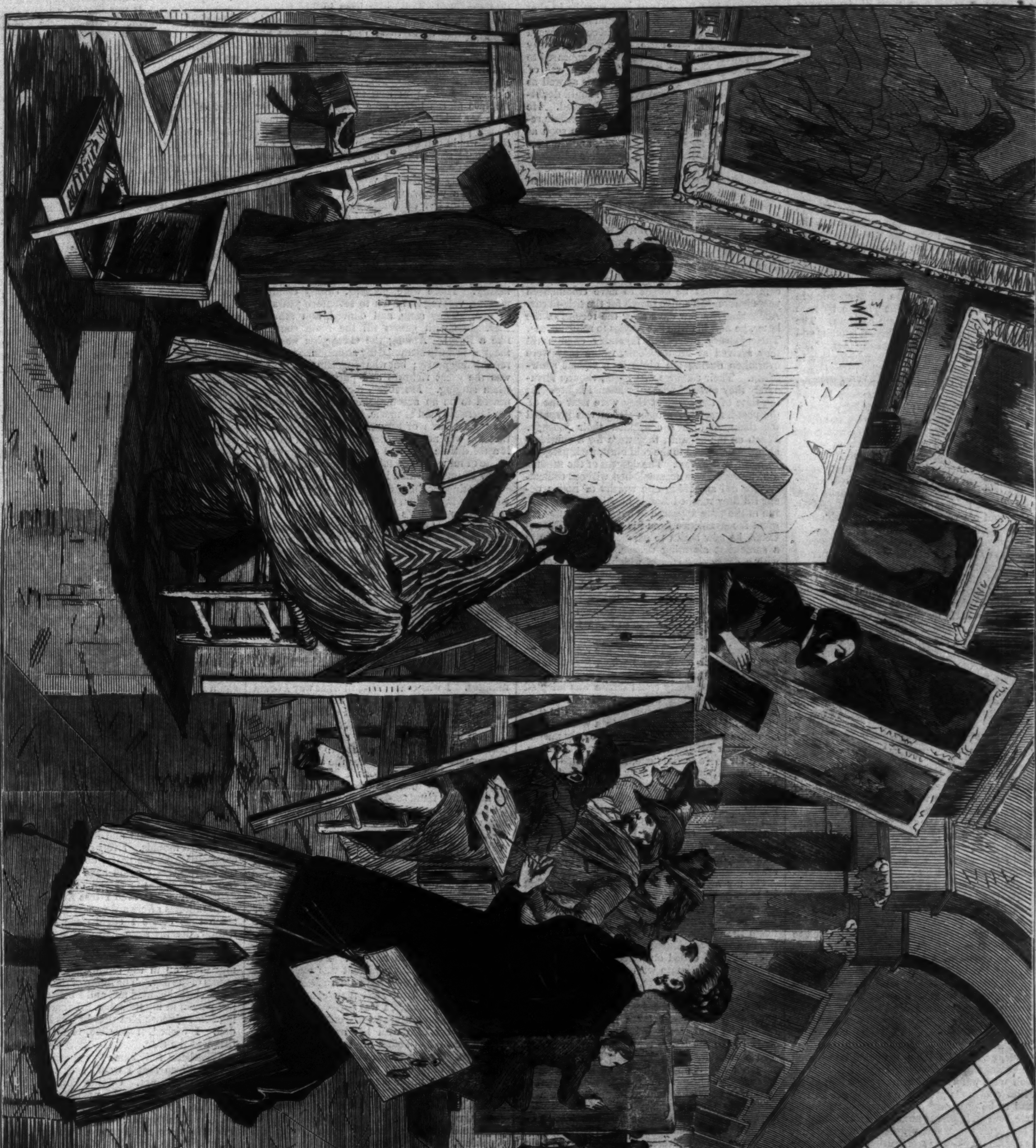
"Glycerine" has a bad reputation. A week or two ago a quiet individual sitting in a Boston railroad car, near the stove, drew forth a bottle and commenced laving his hands with the contents. The day was very cold and the neighborhood of the stove was crowded. One old man, watching the bottle-holder's operations, asked him what kind of stuff he was using. "'Glycerine,'" replied the quiet man. "'Glycerine!' thunder!" and the old man rushed for the door. Others caught up the word, and they all rushed into the adjoining cars, leaving the user of "glycerine" to soothe his chapped hands at his leisure.

A famous "frozen well" in Vermont is now attracting much attention. A recent visitor describes it as being forty-one feet in depth and passing through a stratum of frozen gravel fifteen feet thick before reaching water. The frozen gravel is overlaid by a four-foot layer of stiff clay, and underlaid by two or three feet of gravel which was not frozen. It was dug in 1858 by the owner, to supply his dwelling with water. In winter it freezes over generally at night, several inches in thickness, and they have to send a boy down in the morning to break it, and sometimes, in very cold winters, it freezes so hard as to be useless until spring. During the summer there is ice attached to the stones of the wall near the surface of the water, and sometimes small pieces are brought up in the bucket. Of course the water is cold at all times like ice-water. The extensive deposit of frozen gravel is the cause of the freezing of the water in the well; but the mystery is how did the frozen gravel get there?

A story is told of a New England city clergyman, who, one Monday last summer visited the market early in the morning. While there his attention was called to some very fine strawberries. He wished very much to purchase some, but it being so very early in the morning, it occurred to him that they must have been picked on Sunday, and of course he could not purchase or use any thing which had been procured under such circumstances. He inquired of the farmer, "Mr. Smith, were these berries picked on Sunday?" Mr. Smith, with a sly twinkle in his eye, replied, "No, doctor, they were picked this morning, but they grew on Sunday."



THE BARN-YARD.—Drawn by Edwin Forbes.—[See Page 26.]



ART-STUDENTS AND COPYISTS IN THE LOUVRE GALLERY, PARIS.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 26.]

THE BARN-YARD.

The large engraving on page 24, by Edwin Forbes, is not a bad companion picture to the one which we have already noticed on the front page of this issue. The barn-yard may be said to represent what many of the thrifty pioneers leave behind them when their restless spirits, like so many implacable Inspector Buckets, compel them, like as many restless and unquiet Joes, to keep "moving on." It is the barn-yard of a thrifty farmer, and the original, with all the incidents portrayed therein, may be found in any of the New England or Middle States.

THE LOUVRE GALLERY.

We reproduce in this Number of the *Weekly* one of Mr. Winslow Homer's studies of Art-life in Paris, made during his late residence in the French capital. It represents the Art-students and copyists in the gallery of the palace of the Louvre, engaged in making studies or copies of the Old Masters which have been gathered therein. The great galleries of Paris, and indeed of all the European capitals, are daily crowded in the manner represented in the picture by men and women and sometimes mere children. The gallery of the Louvre is a splendid studio, and magnificently supplied with works of Art. The gallery itself has been over five hundred years in building. In 1200 it was a hunting lodge; later it was an arsenal; Charles V. made it a library; his successor changed it to a fortress; Henry II. remodeled it into a picture-gallery, and it was gradually enlarged for this purpose, and finally completed in 1857. It contains among the apartments devoted to Art the "Museum of Ancient Art," the "Egyptian Museum," the "Chambers of the Council of State," now used to receive the designs of all the various schools of Art and the "Marine Museum." The works have been collected from all parts of Europe. Napoleon I. and his various armies proved the most industrious of the French Art collectors, and in the campaigns in Italy stole—"seized" is the word used by the French in describing the manner of their collection—the finest works of the old Italian masters and carried them to Paris. Germany and Austria and Spain suffered in the same manner. So valuable were the works of Art thus carried off to Paris by the great conqueror that one of the most emphatic stipulations of the Holy Alliance treaty, on the fall of Napoleon in 1815, provided for the restoration of the paintings pillaged by Napoleon. Fortunately for the Art world this provision was never carried out, and instead of being again scattered throughout all Europe many of the best works of the Old Masters are collected in the Art-temple of the Louvre.

MEMORY'S OFFERING.

In the winter of 185– I returned to England, after having been absent from it for some thirty years. My first care was to inquire after those friends whom I had known before I quitted my native land. Many, I found, were dead. Some, who when I formerly knew them were in little better than a state of poverty, had risen wonderfully in the world. Others, again, who were then in affluence, were reduced almost to penury. Among the latter was a family with which I particularly sympathized. Both husband and wife I had known in India, and had been on terms of great intimacy with them. Some fifteen years before the husband had been called to England by the sudden illness of his father, who had been seized with paralysis, from which he had only partially recovered. Thornton (for that was my friend's name) arrived safely in England, with his wife, and about three months afterward his father died in a state of helpless imbecility.

The old man appeared to have been of a very unamiable disposition. He was exceedingly avaricious, and yet, at the same time, he entered with courage into difficult enterprises, several of which were unfortunate, while others had yielded him enormous profit. At his death he was found to be possessed of a magnificent freehold estate, and an immense number of shares in public companies. A vast proportion of the latter, however, proved, on investigation by the executors, to be valueless. Although the estate had been especially devised to Thornton by his father, the title-deeds could not be found. That they, and the transfer of the property, had formerly been in the old man's possession was certain (he having purchased the estate himself), but as he was exceedingly close in all his affairs, regarding with great jealousy any interference, it was supposed that he had concealed the deeds before his attack of paralysis. As Thornton had never imagined they would be missing, he had made no inquiries respecting them during the old man's life. At first the loss of the deeds gave the heir considerable annoyance, but as no other claimant appeared, and as he was naturally of an indolent and somewhat careless disposition, he deferred from day to day prosecuting the search, until at last the thought of the deeds almost faded from his mind.

He had remained for thirteen years in quiet possession of his estate, when he was suddenly seized with an attack of inflammation of the lungs. When this attack subsided it left a most distressing weakness, from which, notwithstanding all the skill of the physician who attended him, there was little hope of his recovery. Finding all other remedies fail, and fearing that the disease might pass into consumption if it were not checked, he was advised to pass a winter in the south of Italy, to try the effect of a change of climate. To undertake a journey of the kind was most distressing to both Thornton and his wife, as they had several children whom they would be obliged to leave behind them. They determined, however, to follow the advice given them, and in the autumn they started for Naples. After they had been about two months in that city my friend received a letter from his solicitor, informing him that a claimant had come forward for his estates in ——shire. He went on to say that at first sight the claimant's case appeared to be a strong one, but that as Thornton was of course in possession of the title-deeds as well as the transfer of the property, they should doubtless be able to prove the claim unfounded. He concluded by advising Thornton's immediate return to England, so that they might as soon as possible bring forward their proofs, and thus set aside the probabilities of an expensive Chancery suit.

The letter came like a thunder-clap on Thornton. He now blamed himself severely for his indolence and apathy in not having sought for the title-deeds. Difficult as they would have been to find immediately after the death of his father, they would now, of course, be far more so. He had no alternative, however. Although the change of climate had done him no good he resolved to come back to England at once, and commence what he ought to have commenced years before—an active search for the title-deeds. Accordingly, a few days after the receipt of the letter, he and his wife left Naples to return home. Their journey proceeded favorably enough till they arrived at Mount Cenis, where they were overtaken during the night by a violent snow-storm. Their carriage was upset, though fortunately they escaped without personal injury. At the time of the accident they were near one of the post-houses. An open sledge was prepared for them, and they continued their journey. When on the summit, they were for a considerable time exposed to the cold blast, their progress being of the slowest. The descent of the mountain, however, was accomplished without difficulty, nor did any thing else worthy of notice occur till they reached London. Although Thornton at the time appeared to have suffered no very great inconvenience from his accident on Mount Cenis, he now began to experience its effects in a somewhat alarming degree. He was seized with a distressing cough, which allowed him no peace either night or day. Still, business had to be attended to. He called upon his lawyer, and then, for the first time, told him the terrible truth, that not only did he not possess the title-deeds but that he did not even know where they were.

It would occupy too much space were I to go into the details of the suit which was brought against Thornton for the estate. Every course which legal ingenuity could devise was adopted by his solicitor, but unhappily without effect. Each successive defense brought forward in support of his rights left his case in a worse condition than before. Nor was this the only misfortune which befell the poor family. Another, and a far more terrible one, accompanied it step by step. Thornton was now in a deep decline. No human skill could save him. He had before him the terrible certainty of soon leaving his widow and children destitute in the world, without influence or friends to interest themselves in their behalf. One grief he was saved from: the decision of the court, which left his family penniless, was not given till a week after his decease.

On my arrival in England one of my first wishes was to visit poor Mrs. Thornton. I had heard of the death of her husband, but not one word of the pecuniary misfortunes which had befallen the family. I imagined that she was living in a state of affluence. I did not know her address, but I called on a person whom I knew to have been intimate with her husband in order to obtain it. Here, for the first time, I learned, in part, the sad story of the Thornton family. My informant, however, could give me but few particulars. "He had lost sight of them," he said, "for some time. They had moved from the house they had lived in at first into a smaller, and from that, he understood, into a smaller one still, and he knew nothing more." But he gave me the address of a person who was better acquainted with them than he was. My second inquiry did not improve the aspect of things. I learned that they were no longer keeping house but living in lodgings, and he gave me the address. I applied at the lodgings, and afterward at two others, each humbler than the former, till at last I found Mrs. Thornton and her family seeking shelter in a poorly-furnished room in Bloomsbury.

It was about six o'clock on Christmas-eve when I paid her my first visit. The poor woman had some difficulty in recognizing me, and when at last she did so she burst into tears. I endeavored to console her, and at last I partially succeeded. "I am sorry," she said, "to be obliged to receive you in such a condition as we are in. As you may perceive, we are in great distress." The aspect of the room thoroughly bore out her assertion. Around a small table, lighted by a single candle, were seated three of her daughters, the eldest—perhaps some fourteen or fifteen years of age—busily employed in making up some mourning garments of a very poor description. Beside the mother's chair stood two little boys between four and six years of age. They were scared, half-frightened, and gazed with curiosity at the tears on their mother's cheeks. I inquired of the poor woman how she intended to act in the future. She replied that at present she could form no plan, her mind being so utterly crushed by the fearful blow she had received in her husband's death. She hoped that shortly she would be able to exert herself, either by teaching children or doing needle-work, but where to begin, or to whom to apply, she was wholly at a loss to decide. She then gave me some details of the Chancery suit, most of which I had already heard from different sources. More by way of saying something than from any interest I felt in the answer, I asked her whether her husband had been certain that the deeds had really been in his father's possession. She replied that he had been positively certain as to that; and had assured her over and over again that, before he himself had left England for India, he had seen them, and had had them for some days in his possession. I remained with Mrs. Thornton till about eight o'clock. I had promised to spend the Christmas-eve at the house of a friend not very far from her lodgings, where there was to be a small family party. I told Mrs. Thornton, however, that I would call on her again in a few days, and if I could assist her in any way I would most willingly do so.

The party to which I was invited was at the house of a widow, whom I had also known in India. But how different was her position from that of Mrs. Thornton! The one I had just left was overwhelmed with sorrow, while the other was the very embodiment of happiness. Her house looked gay all over, for all in it were merry. The rooms were handsomely furnished, and well lighted; every thing, in short, betokened luxury. There were, perhaps, twenty children present, varying from ten to seventeen years of age. They sang, and danced, and amused themselves with games till the room sounded like a Babel. Among the elder girls was one that particularly attracted my attention. She was remarkably pretty; but what specially pleased me was the great richness and purity of her voice when singing. Moreover, for her age, she appeared to be an accomplished musician; and I am intensely fond of music. Moore's melody of the "Last Rose of Summer" she sang so well that she was not only *encored* but asked to sing it a third time. It had always been a great favorite of mine, and certainly it never stood higher in my estimation than it did that evening.

I remained at the party till about eleven o'clock, when, having bidden those present good-night, I returned to Morley's Hotel, where I was residing at the time. On retiring to my room I was gratified to find a bright fire burning in the grate. The night was bitterly cold, and I had not yet got accustomed to the rigor of an English winter. I put on my slippers and dressing-gown, and before retiring for the night I threw myself into an easy-chair by the fire, and fell into a brown study.

The events of the day now came before my mind without continuity or connection. None of them dwelt, however, even for a moment, till I came to poor Mrs. Thornton and her helpless family; these remained in my thoughts for some minutes. I was considering in what way I could possibly assist them, but had not been able to come to any thing like a definite conclusion. I then reflected how different was the position of the two widows whom I had seen that evening. The dwelling of the one seemed to be the abode of happiness, that of the other the abode of misery. The different persons I had met at the children's party then occurred to me one by one, till at last my mind settled upon the pretty, graceful girl to whose singing I had listened with so much pleasure. Moore's melody, as I said before, had always been a favorite one with me. I remembered, too, that the first time I had heard it was when I was about eighteen years of age. I had left school, and was to pass a month or six weeks in London before entering myself as a student at the University of Oxford. It was likewise at a small party, where there was a girl of about the same age as the young lady I had so much admired this evening. Whether the melody had then been sung in as artistic a manner as this evening I can not say. Possibly it was not, for at that time my heart was exceedingly susceptible, and I may have then given the lady credit for far greater skill than she possessed. Let that be as it may, I was perfectly enraptured with her performance, and not only with her performance but also with her appearance. Her person now came before my mind with singular vividness. As I sat with my toes turned toward the fire, I brought to my memory her figure, seated on the music-stool. She wore a white dress, fastened round the waist with a sash of broad blue ribbon, tied in a bow behind, and the ends hanging almost to the ground. She had preposterously large sleeves, especially at the shoulders, and her hair was dressed behind with three bows, which rose some eight or nine inches above her head. I had not thought of her for years, but now not only was she herself seated before me in imagination, but even the old-fashioned square piano, with its thin, turned legs, and drawers to hold the music, was also present to my imagination, and I could even see the brass ornaments which surmounted the legs of the instrument, and the book of melodies on the music-stand.

My mind continued to dwell upon the scene thus conjured up before me. I remembered a certain Scotch doctor of the name of Macron as having been present then, and as being afterward the surgeon of the ship in which I sailed to India. I remembered, too, that on more than one occasion I had been in correspondence with him. He was a middle-sized pock-pitted man, very ordinary-looking, and with short and scrubby black hair, and black, piercing eyes. After the young lady had concluded, he walked to the piano, and in a somewhat pedantic tone, and with strong Scotch accent, stated that, although he greatly admired the young lady's singing, he must dispute the correctness of the words. He held it was an utter absurdity for the poet to say, when addressing the rose, "Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead." All the world, at any rate that portion of it acquainted with the most elementary principles of botany, was perfectly well aware that the rose did not lose its scent after death, but that its leaves were frequently gathered and preserved solely owing to the fact that the odor remained in them.

When I had perfectly identified the figure and bearing of the Scotch doctor, another person came upon the scene. It was that of a stout elderly lady, the grandmother of the girl who had sung the song. She was dressed in a preposterously large turban, and a stiff old-fashioned silk gown which looked as though it had never been made for her. By fixing the mind upon her, every portion of her dress and appearance came vividly before me, and even the gouty appearance of a joint of one of her fingers did not escape me. Her face at the time was unnaturally red, for she was in a great passion, which she had evidently much difficulty in suppressing. By some obscure reasoning she had arrived at the conclusion that the Scotch doctor's objection conveyed an indirect sarcasm on her grand-daughter's singing, and she hastily rose from her seat to defend her. She told him that it was a great pity when people did find fault that they did not take care to first understand the subject they were talking about. It was true that dead rose leaves have a scent, and a powerful one too, but it was one of a totally different character from that which they had when in full blossom. This was doubtless the poet's meaning. The doctor could not let this clumsy explanation pass without reply, and he pointed out to her that the word used was "scentless." The old lady finding her position untenable, got more and more indignant, and some sharp words passed between her and the doctor. The dispute was only put an end to by the interference of the lady of the house.

A few hours before not a single incident connected with that evening party was present in my mind, yet a slight accidental circumstance had brought every thing before me again almost as fresh as when it occurred. I now pursued the same train of thought, incited thereto by the desire to prove still further the correctness of a theory of mine—that nothing is ever irrevocably lost to the memory, but that the most trifling thing remains as indelibly stamped on it as objects of the greatest importance. I endeavored to conjure up the minutiæ of the occurrences of that old evening. I succeeded wonderfully. As soon as I had fixed one object clearly in my mind I easily made it the stepping-stone to another, till I clearly remembered even the most paltry and insignificant objects. The dress of the party and the appointments of the room; the old-fashioned high chimney-board of painted and carved wood; the glass above it with its frame covered with cut paper to defend it from the flies; the cane-bottomed bamboo-patterned chairs; the very dishes and ornaments of the supper-table, as well as the way in which the candles were placed, became again perfectly distinct. I remembered full well that the plates were of different patterns, as if the whole china of the establishment had been collected for the occasion. There were also silver forks and spoons of different patterns, as though a portion of the plate had been borrowed. The dishes which were served presented themselves before me in succession. There were the cold fowls at one end of the table, and a tongue at the other, a lobster salad in the centre, and some dishes of jellies and creams, most of them in a somewhat unfortunate condition, as if they had been made at home and had not turned kindly out of their moulds. Every separate circumstance connected with the party, down to the most minute, I believe, I could have conjured up had I cared to pursue the thread of association; but getting somewhat tired I rose from my seat and a few minutes afterward was in bed. But it was some time before I could sleep. I fell into a drowsy, dreamy state, half sleeping, half waking, and the thought of the evening party I have described would occasionally come before me, and mix itself up in the strangest manner with the events of the day. The figure of the Scotch doctor particularly haunted me, and I believe he was the last person in my thoughts. I remembered having some obscure idea that he was living in London. I wished, if possible, to find him out if that was the case.

Whether I fully came to the conclusion before falling asleep that I would seek out my Scotch friend I know not. Of this, however, I am certain, that when I awoke next morning the idea again came into my mind. I descended into the coffee-room and ordered my breakfast. While it was being prepared I passed the time in walking backward and forward in the room, my mind being at the moment occupied with my own personal affairs. Suddenly I stopped before a table, on which the London Post-office Directory, Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and other books were lying. Thinking of something else at the time, I mechanically took up the Medical Directory. On opening it the idea flashed across my mind to search for the name of my Scotch doctor. I did so, and found that there was a firm of Macron & Roberts, surgeons, residing in —— Street, Lambeth. As there was no other practitioner of the name of Macron in the list, I naturally concluded that this must be my old Indian acquaintance. I accordingly noted the address on a slip of paper, resolving to go there and ascertain whether it were really he as soon as the morning service (it was Christmas-day) should be over.

I kept to my resolution, and, with some little difficulty (for I was a perfect stranger in the locality), succeeded in finding the house. When I arrived I sent up my name by the assistant in the dispensary, and the doctor shortly afterward made his appearance. It was more than twenty years since I had seen him, and although time had made considerable changes I recognized him with little difficulty. True, his hair, which had formerly been so stiff as to stand upright, was all gone, and his head was as bald as the palm of one's hand. Still, his shaggy black eyebrows, deep-set piercing eyes, and intelligent, good-humored expression remained. In figure, too, he had altered. From being a slim, wiry man, he had become somewhat corpulent.

He at once recognized me, and after a most

friendly greeting, conducted me into his little sanctum behind the dispensary. Here we were seated together for some time, talking over former times and old acquaintances. I found that he had retired from the service about twenty years since, possessed of some little money; that he had afterward married, and had settled in the locality I found him in; that a year after his marriage he had had the misfortune to lose his wife, who died in giving birth to a daughter, and that he had ever since remained a widower; that his daughter had married a short time before, his son-in-law being now his partner; and that they had a very good substantial practice, and were much respected by their patients.

During our conversation the doctor suddenly asked me how I had contrived to find him out. I told him that I had discovered his address by means of the Medical Directory, and that I had been induced to look for his name in consequence of his coming so vividly to my mind the evening before. In narrating the circumstances I reminded him that it was on the evening of that party I had had the pleasure of first making his acquaintance.

"You quite surprise me," he said; "I had not the slightest recollection of that. But now that you mention it I think I can remember something about it. Was it not in a house at —— Street?" he asked.

I replied that it was.

"How very singular!" he remarked; "though I had completely forgotten not only the party, but even the name of the person who gave it, I now begin to remember both perfectly."

I mentioned his dispute with the old lady about the words of the song. Leaning his head back in his chair, and placing his hands before his eyes, he remained for some moments silent.

"How extraordinary!" he said, at last. "I begin now to remember both the girl and her grandmother."

We went on in this way talking over the occurrences of the party, each endeavoring to assist the other on points in which our memories failed. At last Macron said:

"You are not the only person to whom I was introduced that evening for the first time. I also made the acquaintance of that tall precise fellow, Murdoch, the solicitor, who, by-the-by, became a very good patient of mine afterward."

"I forget him entirely," I said.

"Surely not; if you think for a moment," replied Macron, "you must remember him. He was a tall, gaunt man, about fifty years of age, and exceedingly reserved in his manner."

After a moment's reflection I easily recalled, not only the figure of the man, but even the peculiarities of his dress. He was tall and angular, with large hands and feet. He wore an enormous white cravat, and a long white shirt-frill. He had on a blue coat, with brass buttons, black pantaloons, fitting tight to his legs, and fastened at the ankle with ribbons, displaying to still greater advantage the enormous size of his foot.

We now began to speak of our old Indian acquaintances, and among others of poor Thornton, whose late history I found was totally unknown to Macron. He listened with great interest and evident sympathy to my narrative.

"I had really a deep respect for him," he said, "and a greater still for his wife. What does the poor thing intend to do?"

"Really I do not know," I replied. "She has the world before her where to choose; and that is all that can be said. What little I can do to help her I will do with pleasure; but I fear that will not be much."

"But do you really believe," said Macron, "that Thornton's father ever had legal possession of the estate?"

"I have no reason to doubt it," I replied; "and Mrs. Thornton herself seems certain that the deeds had been some days in her husband's possession before he left England for India."

"That is singular," said Macron. "I sincerely pity the poor lady. If that old solicitor had been alive, he might have thrown some light upon the matter."

"What had Murdoch to do with it?" I inquired, somewhat puzzled at the remark.

"I do not know whether he was Mr. Thornton's solicitor: I believe he was, by-the-by. I know they were intimately acquainted, and had business transactions together."

"Are you sure they were intimately acquainted?"

"Perfectly sure. As I told you before, Murdoch was, during the latter part of his life, a patient of mine, and I had to attend him at his own house in Bloomsbury—where, by-the-way, he also had his office—generally once or twice a week, for about a year before his death; and I used to hear old Thornton's name mentioned there. But I have forgotten pretty well about it. It is a long time ago now. Old Murdoch must have been dead at least fifteen years. If you think I can do any thing for the widow," continued Macron, "pray tell me. As you may imagine, I have not very much in my power. But you remember the old fable of the mouse and the lion caught in the hunter's net. I might be useful in getting her children out into the world for her."

I promised Macron that I would certainly make him useful if I could; and after a little more conversation we parted, determining that for the future we should keep up our acquaintance.

Next morning, as I was on the point of leaving my hotel to pay Mrs. Thornton a visit, I met Dr. Macron at the door.

"I am glad I caught you," he said, "for I very much wished to have a chat with you."

I immediately led him back to the coffee-room; and having got seated at one of the tables pretty well apart from the other company, he told me that the description I had given him of the misfortunes of the Thornton family had touched him so much that he had been unable to drive it from his mind. "I am afraid," he continued, "that you will fancy I am wasting your time on a very fruitless errand; but as I know you feel deeply for the poor widow and her family, I am sure you will excuse me even should my visit lead to nothing. I told you yesterday that I was certain Mr. Murdoch, the solicitor, had been mixed up in some way with old Mr. Thornton's affairs. After I retired to bed a circumstance bearing on the subject, which I had utterly forgotten, came to my mind. Some sixteen ago, when I was attending Murdoch, who was suffering from a sharp attack of gout, I remember that he had a violent dispute with his grandson, a boy about fourteen years of age. Murdoch at the time was seated in the room on the first-floor of his house in Bloomsbury. He had given the lad orders to tie up some deeds carefully in brown paper, and label them. The lad obeyed; but I was surprised to see that on his presenting the packet to his grandfather, he was rewarded with a sound box on the ear. It appeared that the poor boy, in writing the name on the packet, had blotted the paper, and that his grandfather, who was most precise in all things, had lost his temper at the blunder. I endeavored to make peace between them, but for some time with scant success, Murdoch pointing out the ink-blot to me in excuse for his violence to the boy.

"As I reflected on the circumstances my memory by degrees brought back to me the whole details connected with the affair. I clearly remembered the room, with its tin boxes ranged round the walls, the small collection of law books in dull yellow bindings, the table covered with papers, and the easy-chair where sat the gouty old man. Even the paper parcel which had caused the dispute came before me, as plainly as the day when the affair occurred.

"For some minutes I was lost in wonder at the retentiveness of memory. The vision of the blotted packet before my eyes the while, I thought I could remember the words, 'Mr. Thornton's deeds,' written on it. Whether this was really the case or only a freak of the imagination I can not say. Very possibly you may smile at my folly, but I could not help thinking that no mischief would be done by my informing you of it."

"It is not likely that I shall smile at your statement," I replied, "for so far from considering it improbable that you remember the written words correctly, I think it is extremely likely. The memory plays stranger freaks with us every day, but so frequent are these phenomena that we take no account of them, although they are well worthy of the most careful consideration. But, candidly, though we assume your memory to be correct, I do not see how the recollection can benefit poor Mrs. Thornton. If I understand you, Murdoch has been dead for many years."

"Yes, but his grandson is still alive; and it is probable he would still remember the whole circumstances from the blow he then received."

"Can we find him?"

"Yes, easily. He is now a clerk in one of the city banks."

I proposed to Macron that we should immediately call upon him. To this he readily assented, and we at once set out together. We found young Murdoch in the office, and he conducted us into a private room. Macron commenced the conversation by asking him whether he recollected a certain day when, in his grandfather's office, he received a box on the ear for making a blot on a label he had written?

"Remember it!" he said, laughing; "yes, I should think I do; and with good cause, too, for my ear tingled for the next four-and-twenty hours after it. The annoyance was the greater to me from your being present. I felt hurt, for my dignity was wounded, although you were kind enough to attempt to make peace between us. Every circumstance connected with the transaction is now as fresh in my memory as on the day it occurred."

"Do you remember what deeds the parcel contained?" inquired the doctor.

"Perfectly well; they belonged to a gentleman named Thornton, and related to a freehold estate he had purchased."

"Do you know what was done with the deeds?"

"They were to be lodged with a banker in Wales, but I forget his name now. Mr. Thornton had agreed to purchase some iron-works there, but not having sufficient ready money of his own at the time he borrowed a portion of it from the bankers on his note of hand, and the deeds were to be lodged with them as an equitable collateral security."

"And how did the affair terminate?" inquired Macron.

"Well, I can not tell you that correctly," Mr. Murdoch replied. "The iron-works, I know, were a dead failure, and it was said that the loss caused the attack of paralysis that killed Mr. Thornton. I have some idea that Thornton took up the bill before it became due; but even of that I am not quite certain."

We conversed a short time longer with Mr. Murdoch, but without obtaining from him any further information of any value. When we quitted the bank I bade Macron adieu, thanking him for the trouble he had taken, and I then called on Mrs. Thornton. Without informing her of my reason for calling, I drew from her the name and address of the solicitor who had conducted the Chancery suit for her husband, and after I had quitted her, I went direct to his office, and fortunately found him at home. He listened to me with great attention, and with evident sympathy. When I had concluded, he said: "It will give me immense satisfaction if I can discover the deeds, not only for the poor widow's sake, but also because I have always been under a powerful impression that they existed, and had only been mislaid. I will immediately set about the search, and if I find them, it will give me more satisfaction than any cause I ever gained."

The remainder is soon told. The solicitor succeeded in finding the deeds. The bankers had afterward become bankrupt, and all their papers had been lodged with the solicitors of the assignees. In their possession the deeds were found among some old papers. In the mean time not a word was spoken on the subject to Mrs. Thornton till the documents were in the hands of her solicitor, and on New-Year's Day I had the pleasure of accompanying him to her house to convey to her the joyful intelligence that in a short time she would again be restored to a state of affluence.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

As a worthy divine and a broad-thinking doctor were discussing about the "Essays and Reviews," some doubts were raised whether Eve was formed from a "bone," when a poetical lady remarked: "Well, if Eve were so formed, it must have been from the Bone of Contention."

"What do you call this?" said Mr. Jones Smith, gently tapping his breakfast with his fork. "Call it?" snarled the landlady, "what do you call it?" "Well, really," said Smith, "I don't know. There is not hair enough in it for mortar, but there is entirely too much if it is intended for hash!"

A dry Remark—"Let's liquor."

THE CHRISTMAS BATTLE.

1. Daybreak—The Charge of Light Infantry.

2. Reconnoissance in Force—"The Turkey is there."

3. Determined Attack on Fort Turkey.

4. Mince-Pie Works carried by Storm.

5. The Retreat by Night—The Foe retires.

6. Night after the Battle.

An Irishman called at a country book-store to purchase a steel pen. The clerk handed him one, and after examining it a moment he threw it down, declaring that he didn't want to be cheated in that manner. The clerk picked it up, and asked, "What is the matter with it?"

"It's broke," said the man; "I want a whole one, or I'll not pay ye for it."

The clerk assured him that it was whole, and a good one, but was effectually silenced by the Irishman, who pointing out its defect, exclaimed:

"An will yez be afther calling that a whole one? Don't you see it's *split?*"

WANTED.

A bride who is willing to commence housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

Twenty fashionable young ladies who dare to be seen wielding a dust-brush, or darning their brother's stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early call.

Ten independent young ladies of "good families," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnets to church on a fine Sunday.

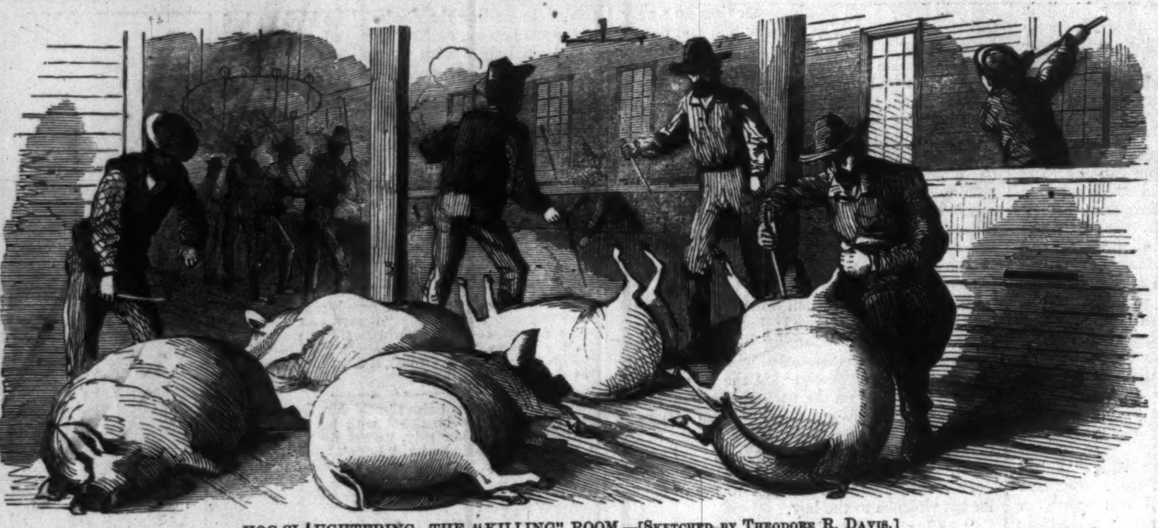
Fifteen young ladies of sufficient age to go into company, who dare confess they ever made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

A friend of Lady Morgan's was once denouncing a certain Bishop, and concluded a violent philippic by declaring that his lordship was so heretical in church observances that he would "eat a horse on Ash-Wednesday!" "Of course he would," said Lady Morgan—"of course he would, if it was a *fast* horse!"

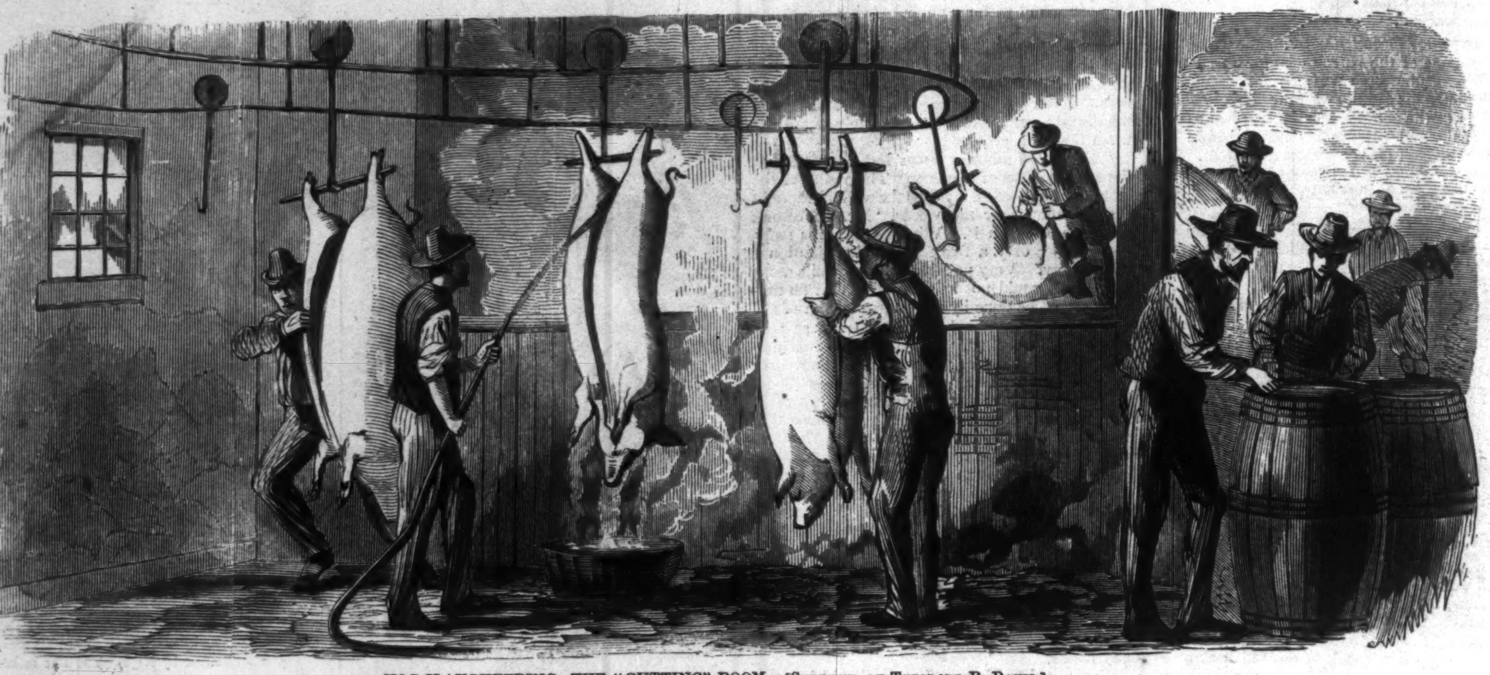
The first thing a hen says to her brood, and not the last thing a child says to his father—"Shell out!"

PORK-PACKING IN CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, delights to call herself the "Queen City of the West;" her rival neighbors of Louisville, Pittsburg, Chicago, and St. Louis, take great pleasure in sneeringly calling her "Porkopolis." The "nickname" has grown of late years to be a boast of the city, for it has grown to be expressive of the fact that the Queen City is the greatest pork-packing centre in the country. Here over half a million hogs are slaughtered and packed annually; the number of establishments engaged in the trade can not be named, and the revenue derived from its profits is incalculable. It was very natural that in the pork-houses of this city our artist should find employment for his pen and pencil. Accompanying his sketches, which we give on this page, came the following descriptive article:



HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "KILLING" ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "GUTTING" ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

The killing is done on the second-floor, to which the hogs ascend by means of an inclined walk. Entering a pen at the top of this walk, they are unceremoniously knocked on the head with a hammer in the hands of a person who "never fails to bring 'em down at the first clip." From this pen they go to the sticking-floor, when a knife is intruded down the windpipe into the heart. In a moment they are thrown into a vat of scalding water, where the carcass remains only a sufficient length of time to permit the bristles to be removed easily, when an iron cradle lifts it to a table, where two men await its arrival for the purpose of removing the bristles on the back. They then pass the hog on, two other men remove certain other portions of the hair. Thus the hog rolls to the end of the table remote from the scalding-vat, where it arrives in a completely denuded state. Here a gambrel is inserted in the hocks of the hind-legs; the gambrel is placed in a socket suspended from a wheel on a track above; the hog is rolled from the table; its weight bears it to the presence of a stalwart negro, who removes the entrails and lays the hog open with three or four strokes of his knife. The hog swings further on; another man drenches it with a flood of water from a hose-pipe. From this person the carcass goes down a track to the hanging-room, where it is left for cooling. From the entrance of the pen to the cooling-room—or from "hog to pork"—is a journey of two and a half minutes' duration.

The cutting-room is furnished with huge blocks of wood, on which the carcass is placed when cool. A single blow severs the head, another the hams. The hams pass to a person dextrous in the use of the knife, who trims the hams with a certainty and skill that seem astonishing. The back-bone is cut out, and the sides separated into "chunks." The pork slides to the cellar, the hams ascend to an upper floor, and the refuse are carried to a huge boiler, which, when full, is closed, and a jet of steam intruded, which reduces the entire mass to a pulp, from which the fat is pressed for lard. The hams are prepared and placed in hogsheads, where they lie in pickle for a certain length of time before going to the smoke-house.

The cellar is filled with pork, carefully salted and piled. In the cellar shown in the sketch was piled more than three million pounds of pork. The killing season lasts from November until March. During this period the pork-packing establishments in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and other Western States are kept almost continuously busy, and from two and a half to three millions of hogs are slaughtered and packed.

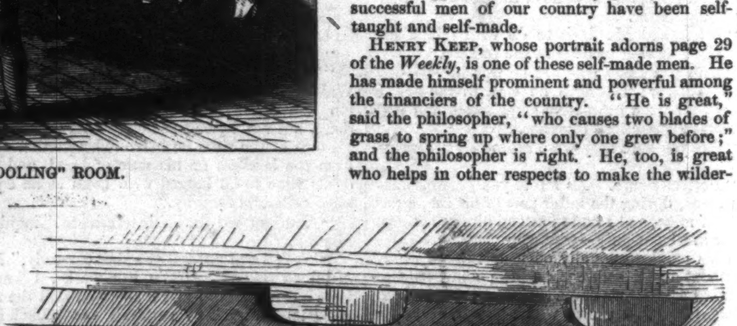
HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "COOLING" ROOM.

HENRY KEEP.

IT is one of the generally-accepted fallacies promulgated by SHAKSPEARE that "some men are born great;" it is very true, as he asserts, that "some have greatness thrust upon them," but it is never by the accident of birth; and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred greatness is *achieved* by hard, earnest labor and thought. There is certainly "a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;" but SHAKSPEARE knew well, when he wrote the words and painted the sad results of an omission to seize such an opportunity, that that same tidal wave was to be ridden only by the bold swimmer who knew when to take it. And that is a part of the art of swimming in life which can not be imparted; it is only learned of experience. And thus it happens that the really great, the truly successful men of our country have been self-taught and self-made.

HENRY KEEP, whose portrait adorns page 29 of the *Weekly*, is one of these self-made men. He has made himself prominent and powerful among the financiers of the country. "He is great," said the philosopher, "who causes two blades of grass to spring up where only one grew before;" and the philosopher is right. He, too, is great who helps in other respects to make the wilder-

HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "CUTTING" ROOM.



HOG-SLAUGHTERING—THE "SALTING" CELLAR.

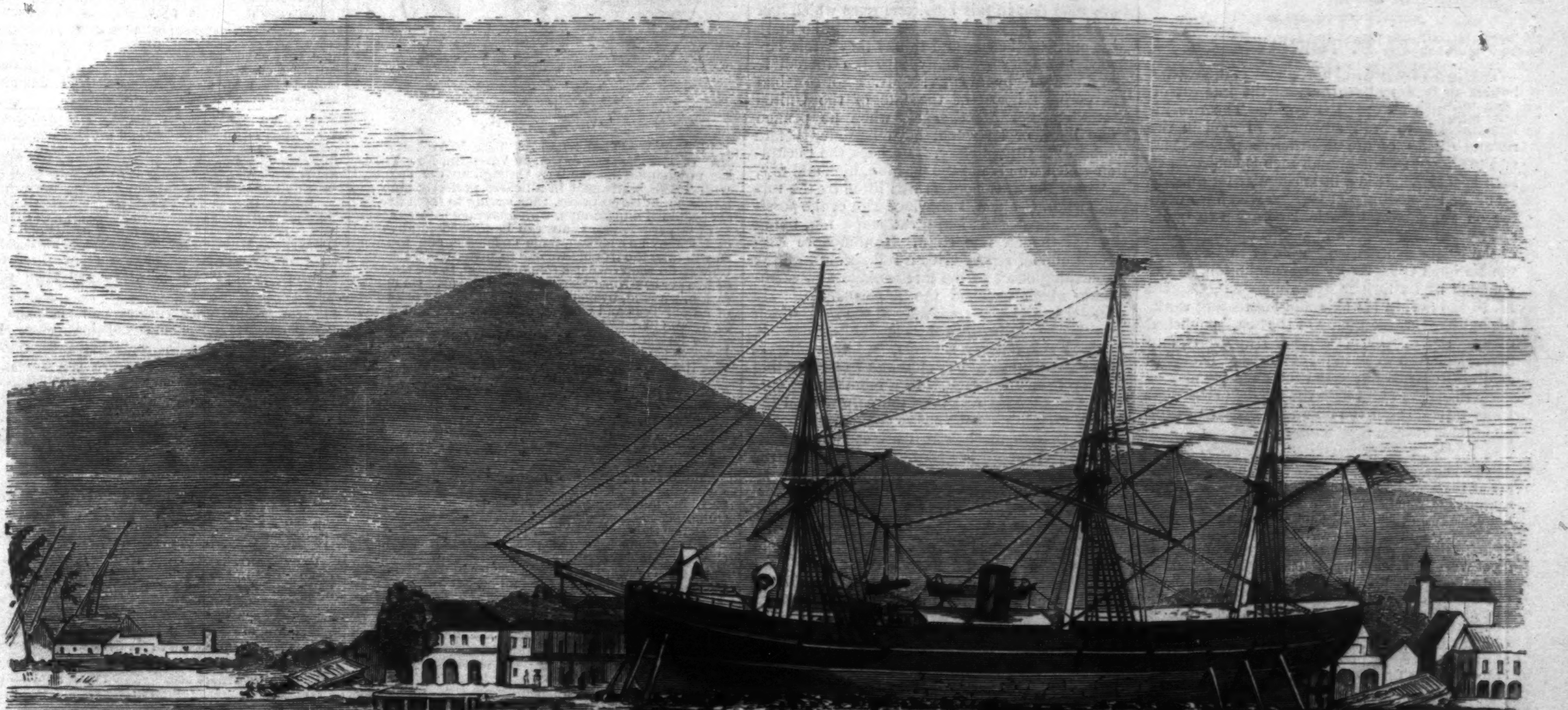
ness blossom like the rose, who with a liberal use of material means urges on the advance-guard of civilization through regions that only yesterday were the domain of the savage—who levels the forest, digs canals, builds railroads, provides employment for the laborer, and in a thousand other ways diffuses wealth wherever wealth is needed to develop the resources of a young country. Commodore Vanderbilt, George Law, and Daniel Drew, as we have had former occasions to show, are recognized types of this kind of greatness. These men have so distributed, and are now so distributing, their wealth as in some sense to make the entire country a participant. They are kings in the largest acceptation of the term—railroad kings, steamboat kings, money kings—yet using their more than monarchical power to promote in various ways the public good. Henry Keep, from beginnings quite as humble as those of Vanderbilt, or Drew, or Law, has risen to a position equally conspicuous.

One of the most successful men in Wall Street, and for years past at the head of one of the greatest Transportation Companies in the world, relates that he was born in the boot of a stage; John Jacob Astor was born, one might say, in a butcher's stall; "Corneil the boatman" (now "Cornelius Vanderbilt, the railroad king") was born if not in, at least heir to, a Staten Island ferry-boat (and a very small beginning that was seventy-three years ago); the "steamboat king," Daniel Drew, began life as a cattle-drover. Henry Keep appears to have been born in the poor-house, and to have begun life as a runaway apprentice. He was born in Adams, Jefferson County, New York, on June 22, 1818. His mother died when he was in his infancy; his father had none of this world's goods, and the son was taken in charge by the poor officers of the county and apprenticed at the age of twelve to Joseph and Eunice Grummonds. His life for five years with his protectors not suiting him, he ran away at seventeen and went to Rochester, whereupon the Grummonds announced the momentous fact by placing on record, in the columns of the Sackett's Harbor *North American*, the following advertisement, adorned with the cut of a "runaway boy" so frequently seen in Southern papers a few years ago, but now haply out of use:

RUN away from the Subscriber, Henry Keep, an indentured Apprentice. All persons are forbid trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting.
J. Grummonds.

"All persons" did not forbear "trusting him," however, at least on his own account, for it was not long before he obtained a "situation" on the canal "to drive the horse along the tow-path." After that we hear of him figuring as a team-driver for a Mr. John G. Teller. His careful habits soon enabled him to accumulate a small capital, and with the true intuition of genius he conceived the idea of transferring his talents from bucolic pursuits and team-driving to the loftier yet riskier realms of finance. From 1837 to 1840 he was engaged as an Exchange broker and dealer in uncurrent money, and in this business he met with great success. At a later period he established the "Potsdam Bank," the "Union Bank," "Henry Keep's Bank," and other monetary institutions in Central and Western New York. In 1854, or thereabout, he removed to New York city and began operations in Wall

HENRY KEEP, THE WALL STREET FINANCIER.



THE TORNADO IN THE WEST INDIES—POSITION OF THE U.S. STEAMER "MONONGAHELA" AT ST. CROIX.—Sketched by John E. C. Peterson.—[See Page 30.]

Street. Walking one day into the counting-room of the well-known firm of LOCKWOOD & Co., he said, with characteristic bluntness:

"Sir, every concern that I have done business with has broken; do you think you can stand me?"

LOCKWOOD & Co. liked the man's frankness, and they agreed to "stand him."

Our great railroad system at that time was experiencing the disastrous effects of improvident management. In the autumn of 1859 Cleveland and Toledo, for example, was selling in the market at as low a figure as 16. The "infirmity of this concern" (as DANIEL O'CONNELL would have said if he had known any thing about it) was KEEP's opportunity, and he lost no time in improving it. He succeeded in having the road placed under his sole control; and under his management it was brought out of the Slough of Despond, and to-day its shares are selling at 100 @ 102 ex-dividend. He next took Michigan Southern in hand. This road at the time was about to pass into the hands of receivers, and its shares were quoted at five cents on the dollar. As soon as he obtained control of its affairs it experienced a new lease of prosperity, so much so that the stock to-day is quoted at 77, while the road itself, from one of the worst, is now one of the best equipped in the whole country.

Mr. KEEP's shrewd business foresight was exhibited about this time as conspicuously in real estate as in railroad speculations. In connection with another capitalist he became the purchaser of the well-known "Brick Church property" at what, in those days, was considered an extravagant price; but whoever looks at the magnificent buildings which to-day adorn its site need not be informed that, with the subsequent rapid appreciation of values, the purchase proved a princely investment.

The next noteworthy incident in Mr. KEEP's career was the famous contest for the control of the New York Central Railroad, the details of which must be familiar to such of our readers as take an interest in Wall Street affairs. On the 12th of December, 1866, after an exciting contest KEEP was elected President of that wealthy corporation; and that office he retained until certain arrangements were made, of a character to confer on the Central various important business advantages, when, being desirous of devoting more time to his private affairs, he voluntarily resigned the position. A few months later he was unanimously elected President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, one of the most important lines in the West.

How all these results were brought about, how many days and nights it necessitated of earnest consultation and close calculation, how many nice combinations had to be formed, not only here, but on the other side of the Atlantic, it is not our purpose to dwell upon; and yet, if these could be all written out, we should have an example of unwearying vigilance, intelligent energy, and far-seeing sagacity of which the annals of business life, even in these days of restless activity, furnish but few parallels. Mr. KEEP is a man of but few words; he was never known to break faith with his fellow-men; in all his dealings he is straightforward; and wide as has been the scope of his financial enterprise his integrity has never been impeached.

THE LATE TORNADOES.

THE late very general movement of the earth's bowels appears to have excited the interest of scientific men all over the world. Theories innumerable have been advanced to explain the natural causes of the destructive phenomena, and to show why the human race is subjected to such agencies. It is a little singular that nearly all of the learned men of Europe who have written on the subject have had occasion to quote and adopt the theories and accept the arguments of the chief scientific institution of this country, the National Observatory at Washington, as expounded by its former Superintendent, Captain M. F. MAURY, in his able and fascinating work, the "Physical Geography of the Sea," published many years ago by HARPER & BROTHERS, and now a standard work in all countries. RICHARD A. PROCTOR has expressed the most popular of these theories in regard to the causes of the West India tornadoes in the following brief and comprehensive extract:

In the West Indies cyclones occur principally in August and September, when the southeast monsoons are at their height. At the same season the African southwesterly monsoons are blowing. Accordingly there are two sets of winds, both blowing heavily and steadily from the Atlantic, disturbing the atmospheric equilibrium, and thus in all probability generating the great West India hurricanes. The storms thus arising show their force first at a distance of about six or seven hundred miles from the equator, and far to the east of the region in which they attain their greatest fury. They sweep with a northwesterly course to the Gulf of Mexico, pass thence northward, and so to the northeast, sweeping in a wide curve, resembling the letter U placed thus ⊃, around the West Indian Seas, and thence traveling across the Atlantic, generally expending their fury before they reach the shores of Western Europe. This course is known as the storm-track.

But we have less to do with expounding the theories than in relating some of the effects of these tornadoes. When one remembers that the earthquake which devastated Sicily in 1693 killed at least one hundred thousand persons, and that during the two earthquakes at Antioch, in 526 and 612, over three hundred thousand persons miserably perished, it is difficult to understand that a great many more persons have perished from cyclones and tornadoes. Yet such is the case. In the gale of August, 1782, all the trophies of Lord RODNEY's victory, except the *Ardent*, were destroyed, two British ships of the line foundered at sea, numbers of merchantmen under Admiral GRAVES's convoy were wrecked, and at sea alone three thousand lives were lost.

Quite recently a storm far more destructive than this swept over the Bay of Bengal. In the great gale of October, 1864, all the ships in the harbor at Calcutta were swept from their anchorage, and driven one upon another in inextricable confusion. Fearful as was the loss of life and property in Calcutta harbor the destruction on land was greater. A vast wave swept for miles over the surrounding country, embankments were destroyed, and whole villages, with their inhabitants, swept away. Fifty thousand souls, it is believed, perished in this fearful hurricane.

The suddenness with which a true tornado works destruction was strikingly exemplified in the wreck of the steamship *San Francisco*. She was assailed by an extra-tropical tornado when about three hundred miles from Sandy Hook, on December 24, 1853. In a few moments she was a complete wreck! The wide range of a tornado's destructiveness is shown by this, that Colonel REID examined one along whose track no less than one hundred and ten ships were wrecked, crippled, or dismasted.

There occur land-storms, also, of a cyclonic character in the valley of the Mississippi. "I have often observed the paths of such storms," says MAURY, "through the forests of the Mississippi. There the track of these tornadoes is called a 'wind-road,' because they make an avenue through the wood straight along, and as clear of trees as if the old denizens of the forest had been cleared with an axe. I have seen trees three or four feet in diameter torn up by the roots, and the top, with its limbs, lying next the hole whence the root came."

"The southern points of America and Africa have won for themselves," says MAURY, "the name of 'the stormy capes,' but there is not a storm-fiend in the wide ocean can out-top that which rages along the Atlantic coasts of North America. The China seas and the North Pacific may vie in the fury of their gales with this part of the Atlantic, but Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope can not equal them, certainly in frequency, nor do I believe, in fury." We read of a West Indian storm so violent that "it forced the Gulf Stream back to its sources, and piled up the water to a height of thirty feet in the Gulf of Mexico. The ship *Ledbury Snow* attempted to ride out the storm. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott's Key."

In the great hurricane of 1780, which commenced at Barbadoes and swept across the whole breadth of the North Atlantic, fifty sail were driven ashore at the Bermudas, two line-of-battle ships went down at sea, and upward of twenty thousand persons lost their lives on the land. So tremendous was the force of this hurricane (Captain MAURY tells us) that "the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed; the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted; forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried in the air like chaff; houses were razed, ships wrecked; and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air, and dashed to pieces in the storm."

Mr. PROCTOR, in quoting this last statement from MAURY, adds that it must be accepted with many grains of allowance. He remembers to have read that in this hurricane guns which had long lain under water were washed up like mere drift upon the beach, and thinks that "this circumstance grew gradually into the incredible story related" by MAURY. Mr. PROCTOR had not perhaps heard of the fate of the United States steamer *Monongahela* when he penned these lines, or he would have hesitated before doubting MAURY's story. Perhaps the illustration which we give of the position, high and dry, to which the *Monongahela* was lifted by the tornado at St. Croix will convince him of the possibility of great guns and great ships, too, flying through the air like chaff. Commodore BISSELL's official report gives a full account of the astonishing effect of the late tornado and earthquake which wrecked the *Monongahela*. He states that a violent trembling of the ship, which was the first intimation the crew had of danger, "lasted some thirty seconds, and immediately afterward the water was observed to be receding rapidly from the beach. In a moment the current was changed and bore the ship toward the beach, carrying out the entire cable and drawing the bolts from the kelson, without the slightest effect in checking her terrific speed toward the beach. Another anchor was ordered to be let go, but in a few seconds she was in too shoal water for this to avail. When within a few yards of the beach the reflux of the water checked her speed for a moment, and a light breeze from the land gave a momentary hope that the jib and foretop-mast stay-sail might pay her head off shore, so that in the reflux of the wave she might reach waters sufficiently deep to float her, and then be brought up by the other anchor. These sails were immediately set, and she payed off so as to bring her broadside to the beach. When the sea returned in the form of a wall of water, twenty-five or thirty feet high, it carried us over the warehouses into the first street of the town. This wave, in receding, took her back toward the beach, and left her nearly perpendicular on the edge of a coral reef, where she keeled over to an angle of fifteen degrees. All this was the work of a few moments only, and soon after the waters of the bay subsided into their naturally tranquil state, leaving us high and dry upon the beach. Gentlemen looking at the ship from shore declare that the bottom of the bay was visible where there was before, and is now, forty fathoms of water."

Our illustration of the vessel as she lies on the beach is from the pencil of Mr. JOHN E. C. PETERSON, and the original sketch was made a few days after the disaster.

No. 25 *Maiden Lane*,
New York, Dec. 14, 1867.

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EASE, ELEGANCE, and BEAUTY are ACQUIRED,
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WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This Machine is a double thread, complete with Table, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel all others, as thousands of patrons will testify. ☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on tral, and GIVEN AWAY to families who are needy and deserving. Address
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The Evening Post

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What its principles in politics are have been long known. They may be summed up in few words: National Unity; State Independence; and Individual Freedom and Equality of Rights. The perpetuity and supremacy of the Union, as the guaranty of our national strength and glory; the Independence of the States, in all their local affairs, as the guaranty against an oppressive and dangerous centralization; the Freedom and Equality of the Individual, without regard to birth or accident, as the rightful end of all government, and the surest means of social development, personal happiness, and national progress.

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The Evening Post

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Fowle's Pile and Humor Cure.

One Bottle warranted a perfect cure in all kinds of PILES. Two to three bottles in the worst cases of LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, and ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN. FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. In cases of failure all dealers will please return the money, and receive full bottles of my agents. No cases of failure in PILES or HUMORS for ten years.

Prepared by HENRY D. FOWLE, Chemist, No. 71 Prince St., Boston. Sold every where. $1 a Bottle.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 42 and 44 Nassau St., New York (up stairs).

TESTIMONIALS.

U. S. STEAMER "COMMODORE PERRY," ERIE, October 5, 1867.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., New York:

GENTS,—I am in receipt of the Oroide Watch, just received by express. It gives entire satisfaction. As I ordered this for another party, I now wish you to send me another of the same quality, for my own use. You will get some five or six more orders from this vessel, and two or three from the employés of the express company, as I opened it in their presence, and they were charmed with it. I think it the finest and best watch in the country for the price, and cheap at double the cost. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. W. SMITH, Lieut. U. S. N.

FORT LARNED, September 25, 1867.

Messrs. Collins & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—I received by express your package containing two Watches—am well pleased with them. I sold them both in an hour. I now want one for Superintendent Buck, one for Assistant-Superintendent Cook, one for Carpenter Ash, one for Carpenter Johns, one for Stone-Mason Church, one for Stone-Mason Smith, and one for myself—seven in all. Send as before, by U. S. Express, C. O. D. Send immediately, and oblige Yours respectfully, D. A. HARRISON.

JACKSON FURNACE, MICH., October 1, 1867.

C. E. Collins & Co.:

The Watches that I ordered came safe to hand, and all of them are giving good satisfaction; and I must say that they far surpass my expectations, both for appearance and time. I want you to forward me four more; have them all in good running order. I am not making any thing on these Watches; I only send for my friends. One of the others was for myself, and I shall also keep another. Likely you will receive other orders from me. I would like to see one of your Chains. Respectfully, C. E. GATES, Escanaba, Delta Co., Mich.

NO. 190 ROBINSON ST., ALLEGHANY CITY, PA., July 20, 1867.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau St., New York:

GENTLEMEN,—You will please send me, by "The Adams Express Company," one Ladies' Imitation Watch, just the same as the Ladies' Watch you sent me before, with carved case. Please collect through the Adams Express Company, as before. These Watches are a wonder at the price. Please send me a good time-keeper, and write me as soon as you ship, and very much oblige, Very respectfully, WM. NEILLIE.

POST HOSPITAL, BARRANCAS, FLA., October 16, 1867.

C. E. Collins & Co.:

GENTS,—I have this day received the Watch which you mailed on the 10th. I was much pleased with the appearance of the case. You will receive more orders from me or through me. It looks as well as the one I paid $175 for. Yours, &c., THOS. A. HOPKINS.

GRENADA, MISS., October 7, 1867.

Messrs. Collins & Co.:

The watch came safely to hand to-day. I am astonished at the complete workmanship of the watch. I shall take pride in circulating the new discovery. Also I wish you to forward me your inducements, if any, for the sale of said watches. Also send me two others of the same stamp. Very respectfully, &c.,

J. D. SUTLIFF, Q. M. Serg't, Co. B, 34th U. S. Inf.

OFFICE OF THE QUINCY R. R. BRIDGE CO., QUINCY, ILL., October 9, 1867.

To Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:

DEAR SIRS,—Your composition watch arrived safe to hand this day, per United States Express. It pleases me very well. I have shown it to my friends and neighbors, who are much pleased with it, and will in a few days send you on further orders. It greatly exceeds my expectations in every respect. Yours truly,

CHAS. JAS. THOMAS, Quincy Bridge Co.

135 BANK STREET, CLEVELAND, Ohio, November 4, 1867.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:

SIRS,—I received the Watches on the 30th of October. Please send me two more, the same kind you sent me to Akron. I sold one of them for $40 cash in one hour after I got it out of the express office: it was the one that had the most carved work on. Please send the same, lady's size, as soon as possible. I have had eight in all. I shall be in Cleveland this winter, and I think I can sell a number of them.

Truly yours, GEO. SMITH.

P. S.—Please send me two Oroide Watches, lady's size, and oblige yours, G. S.

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HAVE JUST RECEIVED

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ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
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UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
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Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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JANUARY, 1868.

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The model newspaper of our country.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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